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"he gaf William the coroun"



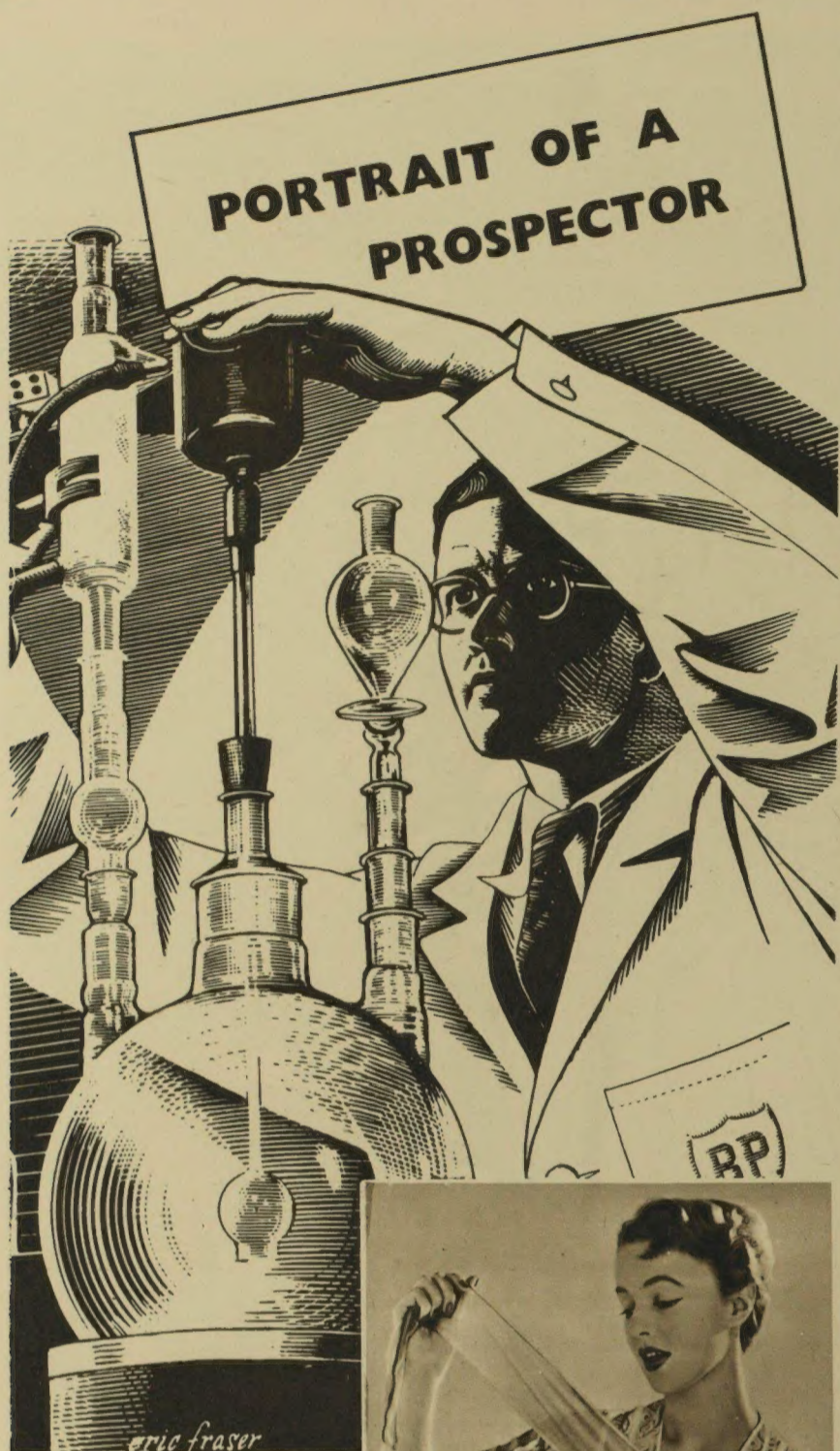
Only a few weeks after the defeat of King Harold at the battle of Hastings, William, Duke of Normandy "repaired to a house near London Stone, and thence proceeded to the Abbey at the head of a splendid cavalcade, surrounded with all the trappings of royalty. Near to his person, next to the Norman banners, rode the English nobles and officers of state." This unashamed display of armed might, vital in those days when a winged arrow or descending sword could unseat even an anointed Monarch, became softer in character only after many centuries had passed. Indeed fear must have ridden with every man on that Christmas Day in 1066, for when Ealdred, Archbishop of York and Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, asked the English and

the Normans, each in their own language whether William should take the dignity of King of England, the shouts of acclamation from the assembled nobles alarmed the nervous Norman cavalry outside the Abbey. Believing that a riot had begun, they immediately attacked the crowd and set fire to the houses nearby. The flames and smoke alarmed the nobles, most of whom fled to safety, leaving William in an almost empty church to take the oath of the Saxon Kings. Thus, amid confusion and fire, began the English Sovereignty of the Houses of Normandy, Blois and Anjou, known more familiarly to every schoolboy as the Reign of the Plantagenets.





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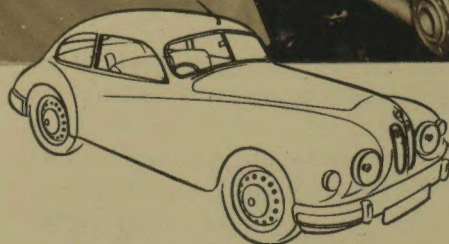
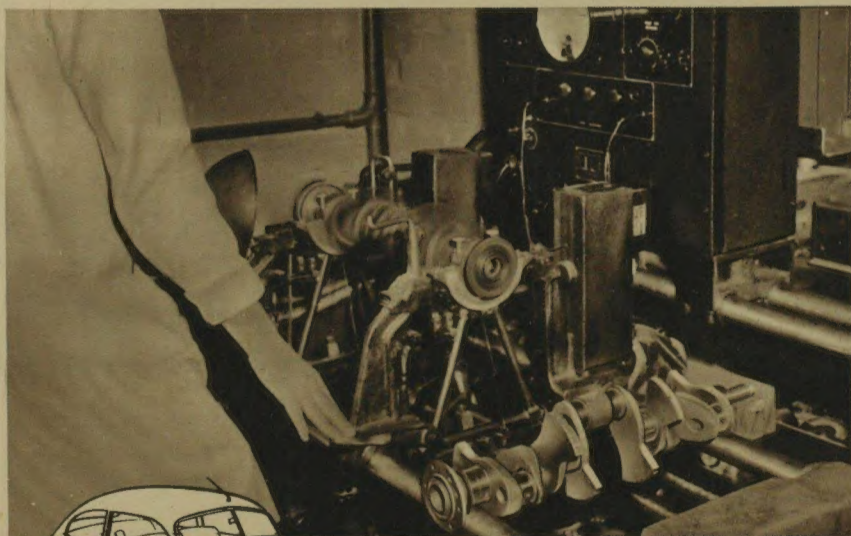
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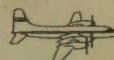


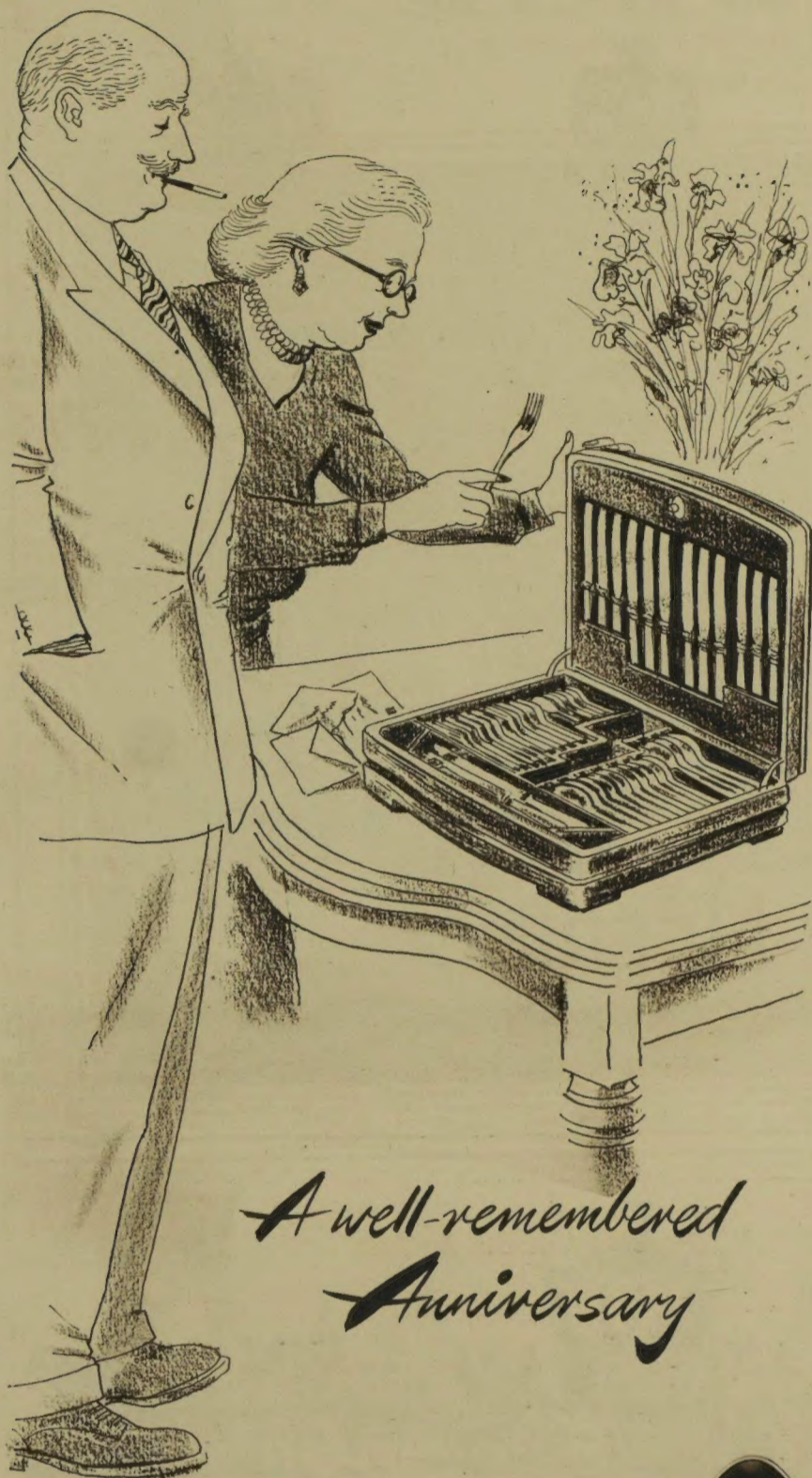
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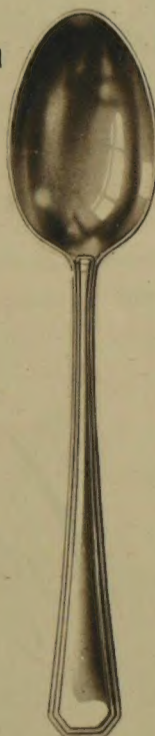


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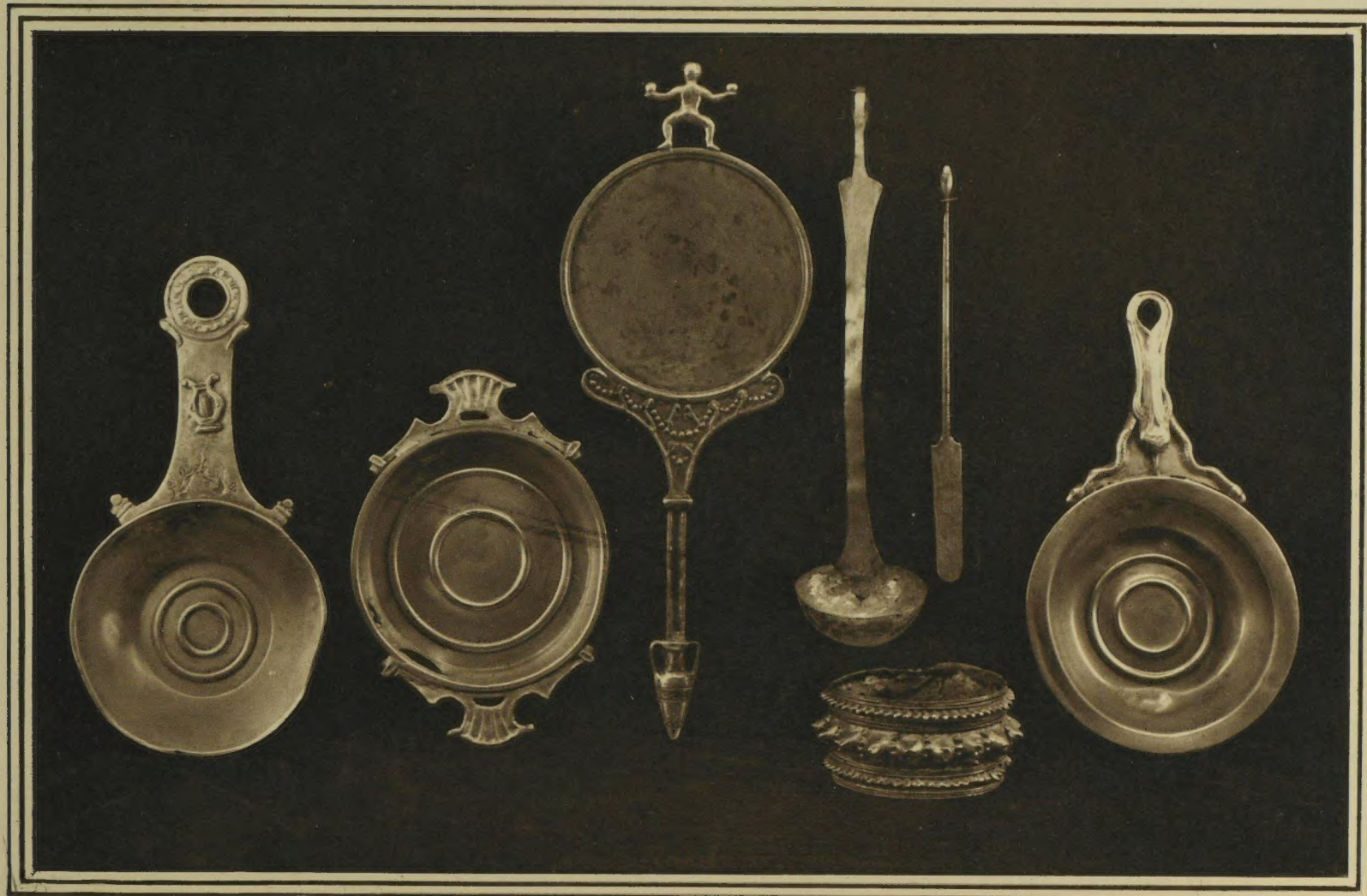
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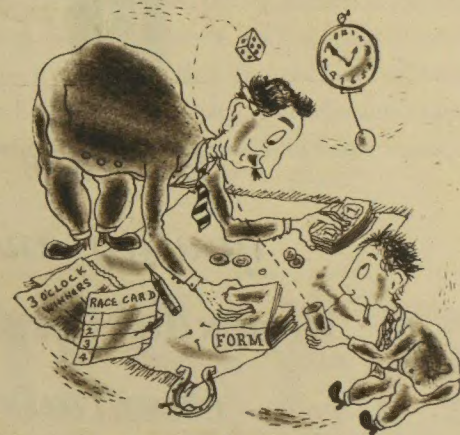
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riding whip the Directors acquired a really loathsome habit
turning up at 8 o'clock
in the morning we were unfortunately too late to see them getting on
their high horses upstairs in the office



people were on the carpet
busy laying the odds at ten to two against all expectations



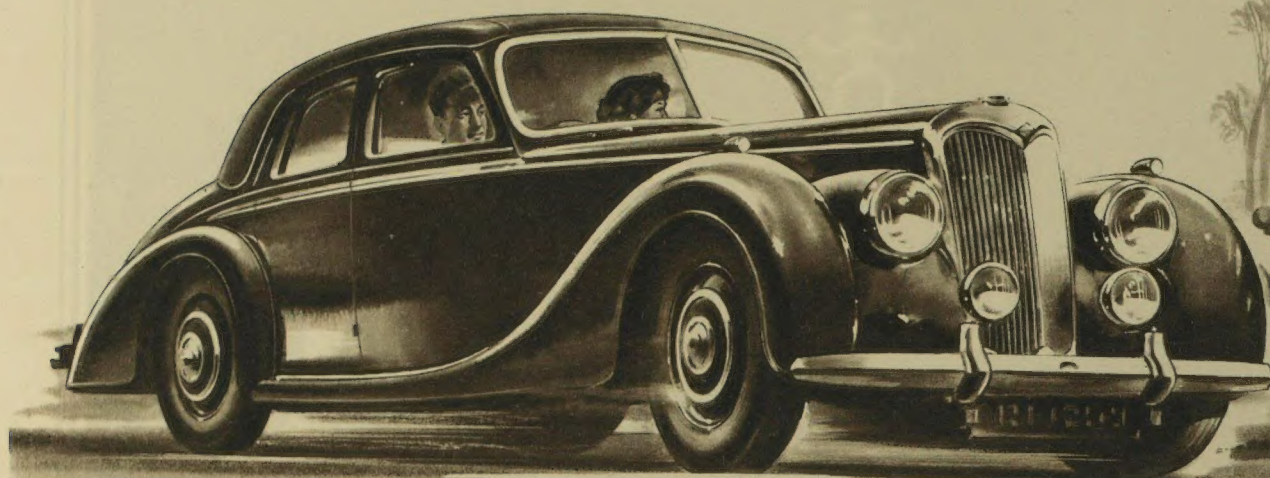
both Directors came off simultaneously
it was agreed to



carry them unanimously in to lunch
a fine photo finish shows everybody
cheering as you would expect
the tubular steel riding whips
definitely came off best
and Accles & Pollock's colours (bruise blue
shot with red) are now firmly nailed to
their tubular steel mast



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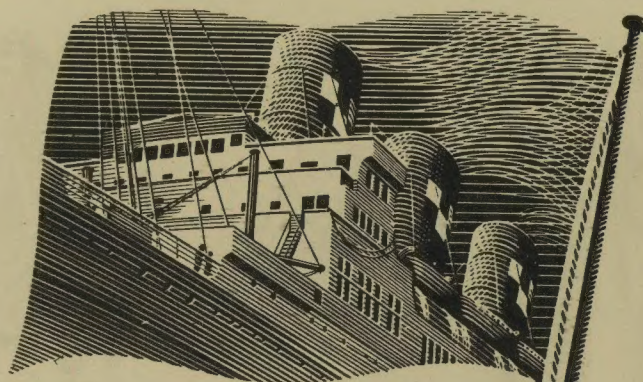
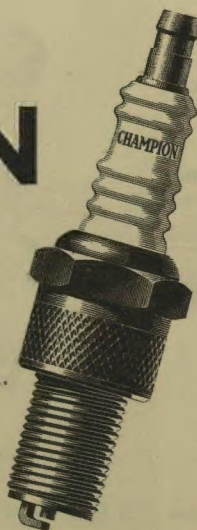
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Adrian Brookholding Jones, on :—
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1953.



(ABOVE) THE UNITED NATIONS TEAM WHICH NEGOTIATED THE RETURN OF SICK AND WOUNDED P.O.W.S AT PANMUNJOM: (LEFT TO RIGHT) LIEUT.-COLONEL W. WELCH, COMMANDER J. E. SHAW, COLONEL W. CARLOCK, REAR-ADMIRAL J. DANIEL (THE LEADER OF THE TEAM), COLONEL LEE SO YONG (KOREA), COLONEL D. CAIRNS, LIEUT.-COLONEL H. ODREN AND LIEUT.-COLONEL L. J. DULACKI. (BELOW) THE COMMUNIST TEAM OF NEGOTIATORS AT PANMUNJOM: (LEFT TO RIGHT) COLONEL HSIEH TSING-HWA (CHINESE), COLONEL WANG CHIEN (CHINESE), MAJOR-GENERAL LEE SANG CHO, THE LEADER (KOREAN), COLONEL LEE PYONG IL (KOREAN) AND COLONEL JU YON (KOREAN).

THE DAWN OF AGREEMENT AT PANMUNJOM: U.N. AND COMMUNIST NEGOTIATORS WHO REACHED AGREEMENT ON THE REPATRIATION OF SICK AND WOUNDED PRISONERS OF WAR.

The improved diplomatic climate in Communist countries after the death of Mr. Stalin soon made itself felt in Korea, where on April 3 it was learnt that the Chinese and North Korean commanders were prepared to resume negotiations for the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners and also to explore the possibility of resuming armistice negotiations. April 6 saw the beginning of meetings; and on April 11 a formal agreement for the repatriation of sick or wounded prisoners of war was signed at

Panmunjom by the leaders of the two missions, Rear-Admiral J. Daniel for the United Nations and General Lee Sang Cho for the Communists; and the date for actual repatriation was fixed for April 20. At the same meeting at which this instrument was signed, General Lee Sang Cho, the North Korean Communist spokesman, also urged the resumption of full-scale armistice talks (which were broken off on October 8, 1952) with an immediate discussion and settlement of the whole question of prisoners of war.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOMEONE—I think it must have been Lord Acton, who said or wrote so many wise things—observed that truth always prevailed in the end but only after it had ceased to be to anyone's interest to prevent it prevailing! The public is generally wrong in its facts about any major contemporary or near-contemporary issue and bases its decisions, whether right or wrong, on false and inadequate evidence. Rumour, hearsay, political prejudice and log-rolling, deliberate vilification, and even downright lying soon create a legend, and one whose preservation becomes a vested interest of many interested and a cherished sentiment of many disinterested persons. I was reminded of this the other evening by a broadcast on the wireless about the history of a famous British Regiment. It was a pleasure, and rather an unusual one, to hear the B.B.C.—a great propagator in former days of the "Colonel Blimp" legend about the British Army—paying a tribute to the virtues of the British regular infantry soldier and even displaying some knowledge and a sensible and balanced view about his history. Yet though the author's tribute to the British infantrymen of Wellington's army and to John Moore's Light Infantry training was most moving and reasonably accurate, the programme was marred by a deplorable reference to the Battle of the Somme and the British Army which Haig led to victory. For, so far as I was able to understand it, the author's thesis at this point appeared to be that the Army which went over to the attack in July 1916 and delivered the *coup de grâce* to the German Army two years later was largely untrained and, therefore, without adequate morale, and that its commander or commanders were wantonly and stupidly indifferent to casualties. Yet I doubt whether any army this country has raised—and I know this to be the view of the great soldier who trained Britain's splendid D-Day forces—ever equalled in morale that which won the battles of the Somme, Messines, Broodseinde, and August 8, 1918. Certainly none ever faced a harder task or achieved so overwhelming a victory over so formidable an adversary. To belittle that achievement, either in that army or its commander, seems an ungrateful thing for an Englishman or an English public institution to do, though I appreciate that in this instance, as in so many others, the error—so unjust—was made in perfect faith and sincerity.

"What stuff," as Dr. Johnson used to say, "is here!" And yet how deeply rooted in the mind of our age it is! For thirty years the now time-honoured myth has grown like a vast, mendacious snowball: that victory over imperial Germany in 1918 was won, despite the appalling casualties that Haig—so it is said—had needlessly incurred—and no one can deny their magnitude—by the eleventh-hour appointment, at Lloyd George's instance, of a French military genius as Supreme Allied Commander, and by a great Franco-American-British offensive, in which the part of the British Army, though gallant and honourable, was that of a junior and, at best, equal partner. Yet such a belief is as remote from the real facts of 1916-18 as the Hitler myth that imperial Germany was stabbed in the back by Jews. It has been repeated so often that it has become almost universally accepted, not only in France and America but in Britain itself; it was indeed in Britain that it was largely manufactured. Duff Cooper's fine life of Lord Haig and the deeply impressive British official Military History of the 1914-18 War have made little impression as yet on this deeply-founded, casually-buttressed legend. The recollection of the British army's casualties in those two terrible years in the Flanders slime, and of all we have suffered as a nation since as a result of them, has proved too strong to be shaken by books. Even the publication of Haig's Diaries last year—a work of major historical importance, providing, for anyone with the time and knowledge to test the facts set out in it, an almost complete vindication of the British Commander-in-Chief—has had in some ways an unfortunate effect. Three or four indiscreet quotations on the dust-wrapper—about the demoralisation of the French Army, about Haig's private views on his colleagues and political chiefs, views never communicated to anyone save his wife and unintended for publication until he and they were long dead—were given a publicity that would have horrified that most taciturn, solitary and discreet of commanders. Taken from their context, as they were by most reviewers of the book, they seemed to the casual reader to confirm rather than destroy the false legend that robbed the British army and Britain herself of the credit due for the greatest military achievement in her history and a great British commander of his just due. The only people except for British Regular Army officers—a silent race—who never wholly or partly accepted this legend were the men who created and controlled the greatest of all military machines, only to see it pulverised to atoms by the new voluntary armies of the pacific, easy-going island they despised. The mandarins of the German General Staff always knew that the man who defeated them was the taciturn Scottish cavalryman who carried the Western Front on his shoulders from the hour the French armies mutinied and broke in 1917 until that bitter day for Germany, eighteen months later, when the British

shattered the Hindenburg Line. Of that commander one of their spokesmen in his considered opinion wrote that he showed "strategic ability, firm will, strength of character, acceptance of responsibility and political insight. . . . By means of these powers he saved France in 1916 and 1918 and pre-eminently on that historic day, 26th March, 1918. . . . He really remained *master of the field*!" It seems strange, indeed, that the man who wrung such a tribute from so formidable an adversary should have been so undervalued by the nation for whom he won that triumph.

Yet a book has now been written by Haig's Director of Operations in France from 1916 to 1918 which in its concise, soldier-like pages provides for the ordinary reader the relevant material on which a new and true judgment can be based.* It contains an introduction by Lord Trenchard, who commanded the Royal Flying Corps in France under Haig, and who, as the virtual founder of the Royal Air Force, has perhaps done greater service to Britain than any other man of our age, not even excepting Winston Churchill. It exposes, by quotations and figures which seem to me unanswerable, the myth that grew up between the wars. Read in conjunction with, and collated with, Haig's own diaries, it makes clear the true nature of his dilemma from the day he first took the offensive on the Somme in July 1916—six weeks earlier than he and his army had been prepared for, and at the urgent insistence of Marshal Joffre, who declared that by August 15 the French Army at Verdun would have ceased to exist if the British had not attacked earlier. For appalling though the British casualties

were in the fifteen months that followed that famous assault, they were less appalling than the French ones that preceded it. France was literally bleeding to death. The reason for that fearful Gallic blood-toll were two-fold. One was industrial Britain's peacetime refusal to make the sacrifices necessitated by Germany's immense military might and to accept national service, as a result of which she was only able to send a numerically negligible expeditionary force to the Continent at the outset of the war, leaving France to bear the brunt of the first two years. The other was the rigid and reckless adherence of the French generals to an academic theory of attack which, in the face of modern automatic weapons, cost a price which, with her declining population, France was unable to go on paying indefinitely. In three weeks in 1914 alone she lost 600,000 men, two-thirds of them killed, permanently disabled, or prisoners. The result was that by the end of 1916, as "Papa" Joffre saw so clearly, France had shot her bolt. When a few months later Russia dissolved in revolution and Nivelle's disastrous gamble ended where every professional soldier knew it must end, Britain was left in the extraordinary position of having with her amateur voluntary army to perform a task for which it had never been intended and to take on, virtually singlehanded, and when she was also holding the seas, the German military machine and grapple with it until America could be armed and ready. And to do so, if a major and almost certainly fatal attack on France was to be averted, she had to attack incessantly and at whatever cost.

The magnitude of that achievement was even greater, I believe, than Britain's singlehanded stand in 1940-41. And it nearly all, as I see it, turned on Haig, for Lloyd George, for all his splendid courage and resolve for victory, never appreciated the dilemma in which Haig was placed. As the urgent entreaties of every French commander throughout that dreadful year now make plain, there was only one way to save France—and Britain—from the débâcle that occurred twenty-three years later and from what, for Britain, would have been an infinitely greater disaster than Dunkirk; for, with more than a million men to evacuate, it would have been irremediable. It was to pin down the German army by ceaseless attacks, maintained against its immensely strong positions in the west, so as at all costs to prevent it from attacking the French until their morale was restored. That was the real story of Paschendaele and its casualties. In the middle of that bloody battle, that gallant officer, General Gough, is reported to have said to Haig, "This can't go on," and Haig to have replied, "It must go on, or France is lost!" The only parallel I can think of to Haig's position was Andrew Cunningham's at the time of the Crete evacuation. And Haig, unlike Cunningham, had a Prime Minister at home who completely failed to appreciate his position and what, without a word to anyone—for, by the nature of things, no word could be said—he and his devoted army had to do. His silence afterwards—to the grave itself—seems to me one of the noblest and most magnanimous things in our military history. And in the realm of public opinion few things can be more important to-day than to make it at long last clear what Haig and, above all, Haig's army, accomplished for Britain and the world and to remind a new generation that their fathers and fathers' fathers, who perished on the blood-drenched downs of the Somme and in the foul slime of Paschendaele, did not die in vain. That is why the publication of General Davidson's book is an event of real political significance.



THE NEW SECRETARY-GENERAL OF UNITED NATIONS: DR. DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD.

Dr. Dag Hammarskjöld, the new Secretary-General of U.N., who arrived in New York from Stockholm by air, took the oath on April 10. He said: "I am here to serve you all." On March 31 the Security Council reached agreement on what had been a vexed question—the appointment of a new Secretary-General of United Nations. It elected by ten votes to none (Nationalist China abstaining) the Swedish diplomat and economist, Dr. Dag Hammarskjöld. This was a surprise, as Dr. Hammarskjöld had not previously been consulted, and was advised of his election by telegram. He accepted the appointment, which was ratified on April 7 in a secret ballot by 57 votes to 1, with one abstention. Dr. Hammarskjöld who is in his forty-eighth year, is the youngest son of Hjalmar Hammarskjöld, the former Conservative Prime Minister of Sweden. At the age of thirty-six he was Permanent Head of the Treasury Civil Service, and also chairman of the board of the State Bank; and has more recently held an office corresponding to that of our Minister of State.

* "Haig, Master of the Field," by Major-General Sir John Davidson. (Peter Nevill.)



(ABOVE.) DEATH OR GLORY: THREE MEMBERS OF THE EGYPTIAN CABINET PREPARING TO FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN AND THE LAST ROUND UNDER THE SLOGAN "EVACUATION OR DEATH."



THE FIRST LESSON: (L. TO R.) THE VICE-PREMIER AND THE MINISTERS OF JUSTICE, NATIONAL GUIDANCE AND HEALTH ARE TAUGHT TO HANDLE A RIFLE.

ON April 8 it was announced that General Neguib had ordered the members of his Cabinet to undergo a course of military training which would include physical drill, small arms drill, shooting and grenade throwing. Only the Ministers of Finance and Commerce would be excused from this training on the grounds of ill-health. It will be recalled that Mussolini instituted a similar form of training for the members of his Cabinet in the years before World War II., and expected them to perform such spectacular feats as leaping over a fence of bayonets. In a statement published in the Cairo newspaper *Al Zamane*, General Neguib said: "We have decided to accomplish our absolute liberty and total independence. We shall struggle to gain these with all the means within our power, which means evacuation or death. The British Press must share our belief that a people determined to fight for liberty will ultimately attain its ends." The purpose of the military training is probably a matter of propaganda, as it would hardly appear that General Neguib is preparing for a last-ditch stand surrounded by a *corps d'élite* of politicians armed to the teeth.



"A RIFLE IS CALLED A RIFLE BECAUSE IT IS RIFLED": EGYPTIAN CABINET MINISTERS LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO AN INSTRUCTOR DURING THEIR WEEKLY TRAINING, ORDERED BY GENERAL NEGUIB.



NOT A FATIGUE PARTY BUT MEMBERS OF THE EGYPTIAN CABINET PARADING FOR DRILL: A SIGHT THE LIKE OF WHICH HAS NOT BEEN SEEN SINCE THE DAYS OF MUSSOLINI.



RECEIVING INSTRUCTION FROM A SERGEANT: THE FOREIGN MINISTER, DR. MAHMOUD FAWZI, DRILLING WITH A RIFLE.

"EVACUATION OR DEATH"—POLITICIANS UNDER ARMS: THE WARLIKE TRAINING OF EGYPTIAN MINISTERS.

TWO ROYAL MEMORIALS, AND SOME PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION.



THE EFFIGY OF QUEEN MARY, IN PINK MARBLE, BY SIR WILLIAM REID DICK, R.A., WHICH IS SHORTLY TO BE SET BESIDE THAT OF KING GEORGE V. AT WINDSOR.

The effigy of Queen Mary, which is shortly to be set on the tomb of her beloved husband, King George V., in St. George's Chapel, has been in readiness for some time. Its design was fully approved by Queen Mary, who several times visited the studio of Sir William Reid Dick, R.A., while the work was in progress. Sir William was also responsible for the effigy of King George V., which he completed in 1938. It will be noted that the unicorn at Queen Mary's feet balances the lion at King George's feet.



THE TOMB OF KING GEORGE V. IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, SHOWING THE SPACE WHERE THE EFFIGY OF HIS CONSORT, QUEEN MARY, WILL BE PLACED. BOTH EFFIGIES ARE BY THE SAME SCULPTOR.



COMMISSIONED BY THE QUEEN FOR THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL OF THE SAVOY: THE GEORGE VI. MEMORIAL WINDOW. This window, the first of four commissioned by H.M. the Queen, is the work of Miss Joan Howson. It is in memory of King George VI., and incorporates his portrait in the upper central panel. The Bible, from which he daily read, is included, at the Queen's request. The lines at the foot (by Miss M. L. Haskins) were quoted by the late King in his 1939 Christmas broadcast.



ONE OF THE LIONS, WHICH WILL SURMOUNT THE CORONATION ARCHES IN THE MALL, NEARING COMPLETION IN A SWISS COTTAGE WORKSHOP. IT IS OF TUBULAR STEEL AND WAS DESIGNED BY MR. JAMES WOODFORD, R.A.



CLEANING NELSON'S COLUMN FOR THE CORONATION: MR. LARKINS AND HIS ASSISTANTS PREPARING TO CLEAN THE BRONZE STATUE AND CAPITAL. THE STONEWORK CAN NOT BE CLEANED WITHOUT RISK OF DAMAGE.



TRAINING HORSES FOR THE USE OF SENIOR OFFICERS IN THE CORONATION CEREMONIES: VOLUNTEERS OF THE ROYAL VETERINARY CORPS AND THE R.A.F. SCHOOLING MOUNTS AT A CAMP NOW SET UP IN HYDE PARK. HORSES OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE WILL BE SIMILARLY TRAINED IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: CORONATION AND OTHER ITEMS IN THE NEWS AT HOME.



TO BE RESTORED: THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH AT STAUNTON HAROLD, LEICESTERSHIRE; AND THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION.

A grant of £8300 has been made by the Pilgrim Trust towards the cost of restoring the church at Staunton Harold, Leicestershire, which was built during the period of the Commonwealth in the seventeenth century, when the building of churches was forbidden. When the park in which the church and house stand was threatened by opencast coal-mining three years ago, it was pointed out that its special value lay in the unspoilt perfection of the whole—church, mansion, park, lakes and farmlands.



IN BRITAIN FOR THE CORONATION: THE SULTAN OF SELANGOR WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY AND HIS RETINUE OUTSIDE THEIR HOTEL IN LONDON.

The Sultan of Selangor, H.M. Hisamuddin Sir Alam Shah ibni Al-marhum Sultan Ala-Iddin Sulaiman Shah, K.C.M.G., has arrived in London as the guest of the British Government for the Coronation. With the Sultan are his wife, sons, daughters and a granddaughter and members of his suite.



THE FREEDOM OF DUNOON FOR THE ARGYLLS: THE SCENE AT ARGYLL GARDENS DURING THE INSPECTION BY PROVOST E. F. WYATT ON APRIL 8.

The sun shone on April 8 when the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were presented with the freedom of the burgh of Dunoon. Provost E. F. Wyatt, on whose initiative the ceremony took place, presented the scroll and casket to Major-General J. Scott Elliott, acting Colonel of the regiment. Many of the men who were honoured with the freedom have served with distinction in Korea.



PART OF THE CONTINGENT WHICH WILL REPRESENT THE GURKHAS AT THE CORONATION: GURKHAS SEEN ON BOARD THE TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE ORWELL*.

The first main body of British and Commonwealth troops for the Coronation arrived at Southampton on April 9 from the Far East in the troopship *Empire Orwell*. Among them were 155 Gurkhas, who are representing the Gurkhas in Malaya; they have brought their pipe band, sixty-two strong, with them. They are to be fitted out with No. 1 dress and undergo further ceremonial training at Pirbright. The band is to make a tour of Britain during the summer.



AS THE CORONATION APPROACHES, JEWELLERY CRAFTSMEN ARE BUSY RE-SETTING CEREMONIAL JEWELLERY; AND HERE WORK IS BEING DONE ON A TIARA.



FOR THE CORONATION: JEWELLERY, TIARAS AND CORONETS. (FOREGROUND, LEFT) A MARCHIONESS'S CORONETS; (BACKGROUND, L. TO R.) CORONETS OF A COUNTESS, BARON AND BARONESS. In addition to the re-making of the Imperial State Crown and the cleaning of various items of the Regalia, London jewellers are at present busy on the preparation of the ceremonial jewellery which will be worn by the peers and peeresses for the Coronation ceremony and other great State occasions. These two photographs were taken in the workshops of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., in Regent Street, and give some hint of the craftsmen's work which will lie behind the splendour and sparkle of the Coronation pageantry.

A SERIES of incidents has recently occurred, directly or indirectly affecting the attitude of Soviet Russia to the nations in which she has created anxiety since the end of the Second World War. Whatever may be the ultimate meaning of these moves, it is certain that they represent a change in Soviet policy and that this change is due to the new régime in Russia which has been set up since the death of Stalin. Among the direct incidents are the discussions on the air corridors to Berlin, a matter of vital interest since the wanton attacks on Allied aircraft. A second, of minor importance in itself, but perhaps not of minor significance, is the release of a British seaman accused of "hooliganism" in port and Russian good offices exerted for the liberation of civilians interned by the Chinese in Korea. Indirectly, the talks on the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war in Korea must be considered as connected in some way with Soviet influence. Most sensational of all, one of the most sensational events of recent times, is the cancellation of the sentences passed upon the Russian doctors and the admission that they were a travesty of justice. This is an internal matter, but it also possesses an international significance.

Russia cannot blame the outside world if all its citizens do not immediately throw up their hats or if they still remain puzzled. Her policies have been so shrouded in mystery and so hard to decipher that the latest manifestation of them is still far from clear. Assuredly they have been welcomed and have aroused hope in many minds, but there is no general agreement on their interpretation. We can gather a part of their meaning, but it does not take us very far. The new Soviet Government desires the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation to be convinced that its intentions are pacific and that it is not contemplating an aggressive war. That cannot be denied, but what comes after that? The least favourable explanation would be that it was desired to lull these nations into a false sense of security, to weaken their resolution to defend themselves, and to increase the fissures in

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. IS THERE LIGHT ON THE HORIZON?

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

documentary evidence supporting them was void. The alleged confessions of the accused persons were obtained by resort to methods which are not permitted and are strictly forbidden by Soviet law. As the result of the report of a commission of enquiry appointed by the Ministry for Internal Affairs, doctors and professors have been cleared of the charges brought against them and have been released. Those guilty of improperly conducting the investigation have been arrested and brought before the law.

Pravda is not altogether clear in its explanation of how this grave abuse of justice came about. It says that the chiefs of the investigation branch of the Ministry were not up to their jobs. The former Minister, Ignatiev (since arrested), was blind. He was under the influence of the former Deputy Minister, Riumin, who deceived the Government and with others faked incriminating evidence. The medical experts were also to blame, but not quite so seriously, because some relevant evidence about the correctness of the treatment applied to the doctors' patients was concealed. I have no comment on that except that everyone must be pleased to learn that justice has now been done and that innocent men have been cleared of the charges against their professional honour and their private virtue, charges which, had they been proved, would have merited capital sentences. It is when I look for an answer to the reasonable question why this iniquity was practised that I fail to find satisfaction.

The chiefs of the investigation branch "detached themselves from the people and the party." That certainly is no answer. They forgot they were the

the principle, which is the standard and the guiding light of conduct and policy, admits of no dispute. The President's words were timely and wise. They were worthy of his office and his personal reputation.

This does not mean that there can be any relaxation of the effort to provide a sound defence. Only the other day, General Ridgway repeated what he had been saying for some time, that the N.A.T.O. forces in Europe were still inadequate for safety. Even the modest standard which was to have been attained by now has not been reached. The question of the rearmament of Western Germany in order that this Republic may be put in a position to take part in its own defence still remains unsettled. The French have shown ominous signs of going back upon the European Defence Community, which was their own conception. Britain is dangerously short of modern naval aircraft. It would be a disaster were the weaker brethren to take the recent suggestions of a *détente* as a signal for sitting back and doing nothing, which they were already only too prone to do. The Soviet armed forces, including those immediately available for a European war, have not been reduced; if anything, they are even stronger than they were. If the attitude of the N.A.T.O. Powers should be frank and receptive, it also requires to be cool and watchful. The situation would have to become a good deal clearer than it yet is before the whole question of defence could be reconsidered in its light.

Above all, it must be the task of statesmanship and the test of its quality that no serious divisions should be allowed to appear in the ranks. There are mischief-makers in all the principal N.A.T.O. countries, some sinister, some merely clumsy and stupid, but in either case often listened to with a respect which they do not deserve. There are legitimate grounds for difference of opinion which easily create testiness. Careless words are more dangerous now than used to be the case, because they travel round the world so much more quickly and penetrate into places where they were formerly unheard. Though not all has

THE SIGNING OF THE KOREAN P.O.W. AGREEMENT.



SIGNING ON BEHALF OF UNITED NATIONS AT PANMUNJOM ON APRIL 11: REAR-ADMIRAL DANIEL, SENIOR ALLIED LIAISON OFFICER.
As recorded on our front page, the agreement between United Nations and Communist negotiators in regard to the repatriation of sick and wounded prisoners-of-war was signed at Panmunjom on April 11; and on April 12 it was arranged that the exchange would begin on April 20. It was stated that on April 14 vehicles carrying sick and wounded would leave Chonma and would be due to reach Kaesong on April 16. The lorries were to be clearly marked and would fly a 3-ft red flag. The Communists have arranged to repatriate a total of 605 prisoners, including 150 non-Koreans, among whom are twenty Britons; and the



SIGNING ON BEHALF OF THE NORTH KOREAN FORCES: MAJOR-GENERAL LEE SANG CHO, SENIOR COMMUNIST LIAISON OFFICER.
United Nations are repatriating 5800, including 700 Chinese. The exchange is to be completed twenty days after its commencement. It will be carried out in accordance with Article 109 of the Geneva Convention. The Communists have arranged to return 100 U.N. men a day for six days, while the United Nations command are returning 500 Communists a day for twelve days, each side delivering its prisoners in groups of twenty-five persons at a time. The Communists declined to start the exchange before April 20; and were unable to increase the number of persons they have arranged to hand over.

the structure. The most serious of these fissures, though not broad as yet, is one between the United States and European members of N.A.T.O.

On the other side is the possibility that the signs are to be taken at their face value. After all, it may be said, new men, younger men, perhaps men with more imagination, have come to the front in Russia. It would not be extraordinary if they had decided that a revolutionary change was necessary. As things were going, the signposts pointed in the direction of war. Such a war as this would be, must, whatever its outcome, bring calamity upon Russia. Even if she were to emerge as the nominal victor, the result might be to break up the new form of society which has been built up within her frontiers and in many cases transplanted beyond them. That society survived the Second World War, but possibly not by so wide a margin as was generally supposed at the time. At best it must have been severely shaken. There can be no certainty that it would survive another and even more terrible war. Instincts of self-preservation would of themselves suffice, say the optimists, to account for a genuine desire to break the deadlock and give the world a prospect of peace.

I cannot write much about the conversations in Korea, because the results are not known to me. I can only say that the talks are more promising than any hitherto in the whole dreary series, and trust that they will bring wider agreement. As for the affair of the doctors, I found it fascinating in the frankness of the reversal of policy. We are told that investigation has established the fact that they had been arrested by the former Ministry of State Security wrongfully and without legal grounds. It has been shown, we learn, that the accusations were lies and the

servants of the people. Riumin was a hidden enemy. Instead of denouncing the real enemies of the Soviet people, he deceived the Government and undertook a criminal adventure. Again there is no answer, not the shadow of an explanation. Yet the uncharitable can find an answer easily enough. It is that this criminal adventurer and his associates were carrying out a course of action which they had every reason to believe to be welcome to the Soviet policy at that time, which justified Soviet fulminations against Jewry. Riumin, the uncharitable will say—but I myself am in charitable mood—was unlucky in his timing. He moved out of turn. His procedure did not accord with the policy of the present Government. When he set the prosecution on foot he had no reason to believe that he would be branded as a criminal adventurer. That, I repeat, is only what the uncharitable will say. And even this interpretation is not conclusive evidence to the discredit of the present Government, though most of its members formed part of the last.

However, the important thing is not the policy of the past régime but that of the present. And, since its meaning cannot be determined with certainty, the essential point is how these moves should be met on our side. Surely there can be no doubt on the general principle which is called for. It is that which has already been propounded by the President of the United States. President Eisenhower lost no time in stating that all approaches should be taken at their face value. They should be considered genuine unless the contrary were proved. The details are another matter. They call for high skill, judgment and statesmanship. They are more difficult to determine and may not all demand the same treatment. But

been done that should have, a considerable amount has been accomplished, and a great deal of this might be brought to naught by divergences. We have no proof as yet that any relaxation can be justified. We must still be prepared for the worst even while we hope for the best. This may sound like a platitude, but unfortunately nations, even more than individuals, are apt to believe what they desire to. Even if the instinct were correct in this case, it would be an error to follow it until it had been confirmed.

My own view—which has perhaps an element of the instinctive in it—is that the new attitude of the Soviet Union may well indicate a desire for better relations. Supposing that it is, we cannot even then count upon this being permanent. It would still be welcome if it were but temporary, because a present easing of the international situation might be expected to better the prospects of a lasting peace. I can speculate no further on the motives which may have been responsible for a changed outlook, but those which I briefly suggested at the beginning of this article are sufficiently plausible. It would be easier for the present Government to start with a new policy than it would have been for the old one to alter its policy radically. There I must leave the Russian aspect of the subject. My last word will be one of emphasis upon the needs from our side. They seem to me to be a readiness to meet frankness with frankness and accommodation with accommodation, while at the same time avoiding anything in the nature of excessive credulity or self-delusion. The defence structure should be maintained and the improvements in progress carried out. We should be equally ready to meet a better situation, a worse, or one that proved to be essentially unaltered.

AT PANMUNJOM AND IN SEOUL: NEGOTIATIONS AND DEMONSTRATIONS MARK A NEW ERA.



UNITED NATIONS representatives and Communist negotiators met at Panmunjom on April 6 for the first time after an interval of six months to arrange for an exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war, details of which are given on page 604, while group photographs of the negotiators appear as our frontispiece. On April 5 some 40,000 South Koreans staged a demonstration in Seoul in support of the Government's five-point plan for a settlement which includes unification of the country, complete withdrawal of Chinese forces from North Korea and the disarming of North

[Continued below.]



GUARDING THE CONFERENCE HUT AT PANMUNJOM: A NORTH KOREAN SENTRY AND AN OFFICER KEEP THE AREA CLEAR OF INTRUDERS WHILE THE NEGOTIATORS (SEEN THROUGH WINDOWS) DISCUSS THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.



UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF U.S. MILITARY POLICE: UNITED NATIONS PRESSMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WAITING FOR THE CONFERENCE TO BEGIN ON APRIL 7.



BUILDING A STOCKADE TO CONTAIN COMMUNIST PRISONERS NEAR PANMUNJOM PRIOR TO THEIR EXCHANGE FOR U.N. PRISONERS: U.N. ENGINEERS AND SOUTH KOREAN LABOURERS AT WORK.



TO HOUSE THE SICK AND WOUNDED CHINESE AND NORTH KOREANS WHILE AWAITING REPATRIATION: THE STOCKADE NEAR PANMUNJOM.



DEMONSTRATING IN SUPPORT OF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA'S FIVE-POINT REQUIREMENTS FOR A TRUCE IN KOREA: SOME OF THE 40,000 SOUTH KOREANS WHO PARADED IN SEOUL ON APRIL 5.

Korean troops. On April 9 it was reported that British prisoners, after passing through the reception centre at Munsan, south of Panmunjom, would be flown by the Royal Australian Air Force from Seoul to an air base in south Japan and

from there would be taken in ambulances to the Commonwealth base hospital at Kure. When fit to travel, they will be sent home as soon as possible either by air or in a hospital ship.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**JOMO KENYATTA.**

Sentenced to seven years' hard labour for managing Mau Mau and three years for being a member, the sentences to run concurrently. Jomo Kenyatta, aged fifty-nine, was described by Mr. Thacker, Q.C., at the Kapenguria trial as the "master mind" behind Mau Mau. The five other accused were also found guilty. Notice of appeal was lodged.

**MR. RANSLEY THACKER, Q.C.**

The specially-appointed magistrate, formerly a Judge of the Supreme Court, who sentenced Jomo Kenyatta and five other Mau Mau leaders at Kapenguria to seven years' hard labour. Mr. Thacker was guarded by armed European police on leaving the court. He flew to England later, for a rest and holiday, and arrived at London Airport on April 12.

**SIR WALTER S. KINNEAR.**

Died on April 1, aged eighty-one. He was Controller of the Insurance Department at the Ministry of Health from 1919 to 1936, and to him is owed much of the credit for the organisation and building-up of the health and pensions insurance schemes before 1945. From 1911 to 1919 he was Deputy-Chairman of the Irish Insurance Commission.

**CAPTAIN HANS JENSEN.**

Killed on April 2 in Greenland while engaged on survey work with Lieut. Brooke, R.N., in the Dove Bay area. Captain Jensen, aged forty, was a representative of the Danish Geodetic Institute at Copenhagen and joined the British North Greenland Expedition as official observer last year and was due to return home this year. He was very popular.

**DR. C. E. M. JOAD.**

Died on April 9, aged sixty-one. Dr. Joad, widely known as a broadcaster in the B.B.C. "Brains Trust" programmes, entered the Civil Service in 1914; but in 1930 resigned to become Head of the Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College. Formerly an agnostic, his last book, "The Recovery of Belief" (1952), recorded his acceptance of Christianity.

**PROFESSOR O. G. SUTTON.**

To succeed Sir Nelson Johnson as Director of the Meteorological Office on the latter's retirement this autumn. Dr. Sutton has been Dean of the Military College of Science, Shrivenham, since 1952 and Bashforth Professor of Mathematical Physics since 1947. He was Chief Superintendent, Radar Research and Development Establishment, Malvern, 1945-47.

**DR. ADENAUER (L.).**

The Federal German Chancellor addressing the National Press Club, Washington. Dr. Adenauer arrived in Washington on April 7 for discussions with the Administration; and left on April 10 for a tour of the U.S.A. He was due to arrive in Canada on April 17 and to stay twenty-four hours for talks with Mr. St. Laurent and other Ministers.

WINNERS OF THE F.A. AMATEUR CUP FOR THE SECOND TIME IN THREE SEASONS: THE VICTORIOUS PEGASUS TEAM AT WEMBLEY.

On April 11 a crowd of some 100,000 people saw Pegasus, the Soccer players of Oxford and Cambridge, carry off the F.A. Amateur Cup by six goals to none in the match against Harwich and Parkston. After the first quarter of an hour the outcome of the match never seemed to be in doubt. Their victory was the most emphatic in an Amateur Cup Final since Dulwich Hamlet beat Liverpool Marine 7-1 in 1932. Our photograph shows the victorious side after the match at Wembley. Holding the Cup is D. F. Saunders, the captain; standing on the left is Mr. G. Ainsley, the coach, and on the right is Dr. H. W. Thompson, the secretary.

(Right.)**MISS MYRTLE BARNES.**

Miss Myrtle Barnes, a sixteen-year-old pupil of Bromley County Technical School, became the British girl chess champion at Hastings on April 11 with a final score of 7½ points from nine matches. In an adjourned game she defeated Peggy Wood, aged fifteen, of King Edward's High School, Birmingham, last year's champion.

**CANON GILLINGHAM.**

Died on April 1, aged seventy-seven. He had been Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, since 1940, and from 1942 was also curate-in-charge of St. Michael, Chester Square. He played cricket for Essex from 1903 until after World War I.; and was in the Gentlemen's team against the Players in 1908, 1919 and 1920. He was a Chaplain to the Royal Household.

**MARRIED ON APRIL 9: SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING WITH HIS BRIDE, MRS. AMALIA COUTSOURIS.**

Sir Alexander Fleming, the seventy-one-year-old discoverer of penicillin, married Mrs. Amalia Coutsouris, a Greek bacteriologist, at Chelsea Register Office on April 9. Sir Alexander's first wife died in 1949. During the German occupation of Greece Mrs. Coutsouris, at great risk to herself, helped to save the lives of British and New Zealand troops.

**WITH THE FAMOUS WELL-WORN "BUDGET BOX": MR. R. A. BUTLER, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO WAS DUE TO INTRODUCE HIS BUDGET FOR 1953 ON APRIL 14.**

Mr. R. A. Butler arranged to begin his Budget speech in the House of Commons on April 14. Last year he introduced his first Budget before the end of the financial year because it embodied the third phase of the Conservative plan for coping with the balance of payments crisis. The general debate on his proposals was fixed for April 15 and 16.

**BACK FROM TOKYO BY COMET JET AIRLINER: SOME OF THE PASSENGERS ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT.**

The B.O.A.C. Comet jet airliner which left London for Tokyo on Good Friday, April 3, landed at London Airport at 5.22 a.m. on April 7, having completed the round trip of 20,000 miles in 3 days, 20 hrs. 22 mins. Of the forty passengers on board, fifteen passengers had flown direct from Tokyo. The previous Argonaut service to Tokyo took 164 hrs.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN LUXEMBURG: THE BRIDAL PAIR, AND GUESTS.



THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER AND THE BRIDE'S FATHER: THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG AND EX-KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL AFTER THE CEREMONY.



WALKING DOWN THE AISLE AFTER THE CEREMONY IN LUXEMBURG CATHEDRAL: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS AND KING HAUDOYN OF BELGIUM.



THE BRIDE'S STEP-MOTHER AND THE BRIDEGROOM'S FATHER: PRINCESS LILIAN OF BELGIUM, WIFE OF EX-KING LEOPOLD, AND PRINCE FELIX OF LUXEMBURG.



LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL: EX-QUEEN MARIA-JOSÉ OF ITALY, SISTER OF EX-KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM, WITH PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS.

A DIRECT link between the Luxemburg and Belgian ruling families was established by the marriage, on April 9, of Prince Jean, Hereditary Grand Duke of Luxemburg, and Princess Josephine Charlotte of Belgium. An impressive procession of heads of States and members of Royal families went to the Cathedral in Luxemburg for the religious ceremony, which was conducted by Mgr. Fernando Cento, Apostolic Nuncio in Belgium and Luxemburg. Princess Margaret was prevented by the death of Queen Mary from representing the Queen at the ceremony. The twenty-five-year-old bride wore a dress of white organza, lace and taffeta, and her four-yard train of Brussels and rose-point lace was carried by two *dames d'honneur* and ten-year-old Prince Alexandre, her half-brother.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCE JEAN, HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBURG, AND PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE OF BELGIUM: THE SCENE IN FRONT OF THE HIGH ALTAR OF LUXEMBURG CATHEDRAL DURING THE NUPITAL MASS.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE ON APRIL 9: PRINCE JEAN, HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBURG, AND PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE OF BELGIUM.



CAPTAIN J. Y. COUSTEAU, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, who was born in 1910, is a gunnery officer in the French Navy and is the greatest living authority on modern deep-sea diving. With Frédéric Dumas, the world's most experienced diver, and Philippe Tailliez, Captain Cousteau founded the French Navy's Undersea Research Group in 1945. He is now in command of the research ship *Calypso*, on a four-year round-the-world oceanographic expedition sponsored by the French Navy and organised by himself.

There is far more sea than land
As sailors understand.

One of the implications was that landmen—and a man of his Middle Western origins may especially have thought of American landmen—were by no means as aware of the magnitude of the sea which surrounds all our continents, contains unknown inhabitants at unplumbed depths and, if the evolutionists are to be believed, was the mother of us all. An earlier American, Herman Melville, had, in "Moby Dick," given a sense of the vastness of the superficial ocean, and the mysteries which lurk in its depths. In our own time, another American, Miss Rachel Carson, in that most stimulating book (which I strongly commend to all who have not seen it) "The Sea Around Us," has digested a mass of information into a three-dimensional survey of the sea, its flora and its



FRÉDÉRIC DUMAS GOING AFTER A STING RAY 120 FT. DOWN OFF PORQUEROLLES. THE SAFEST PLACE TO GRAB THIS FISH IS THE TAIL TIP, AS THE STINGER IS NEAR THE ROOT OF THE TAIL.

fauna. But Captain Cousteau and his mates have gone beyond imaginings and conjectures. They, with the help of the "aqualung" apparatus which enables them to submerge longer, deeper and more freely than the old cumbersome helmet, attached tube and leaden soles of the traditional diver, have begun to explore the upper layers of the ocean, and the inshore shelves to ground-level, swimming as fish among fish, and being regarded by fish, mostly more curious than frightened, as odd fish—the fish apparently thinking: "There are as strange fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

In this book Captain Cousteau (a French Naval officer who began as an amateur goggle-diver and later was seconded to oceanic research) describes the development of the "aqualung apparatus," which has taken men down over 300 ft. and permits them to remain below for two hours at a time; and then conducts us on a variety of marine tours, including Professor Piccard's unfortunate attempt at a descent to thousands of feet in his Bathyscaphe, episodes which remind one of the exploits of Dr. Strabismus. At the end of the book one feels strangely as though one had been acclimatised to a new element; as might be some successful fish out of water.

And why have Captain Cousteau and his friends risked their lives in thousands of deep dives? The question is posed in an Epilogue and the answer is given in George Mallory's phrase about Mount Everest: he said he wanted to climb it "Because it is there." For the struggles down into the flooded caverns below the mysterious fountain of Vaucluse this must stand as a complete answer; for the exploration of the depths of the sea Captain Cousteau has explanations better calculated to satisfy "the practical man." For one thing, there is the chance of rescuing sunken treasure. This makes a wide appeal. "Legends of

DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE UNDER THE SEA.

"THE SILENT WORLD"; By CAPTAIN J. Y. COUSTEAU.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE late Nicholas Lindsay, an enchanting, excited and exciting American poet, author of "The Daniel Jaz," and many another poem full of graphic imagery and imperative rhythm, wrote some lilting verses, of which the core was:

undersea treasure are ninety-nine per cent. hoaxes or swindles," says the author, "in which the only wealth uncovered is that which passes from the investor to the promoter. The get-rich-quick aberration that resides in most of us is never more successfully exploited than by treasure promoters with faded maps of sunken galleons." The poet was doubtless correct when he stated:

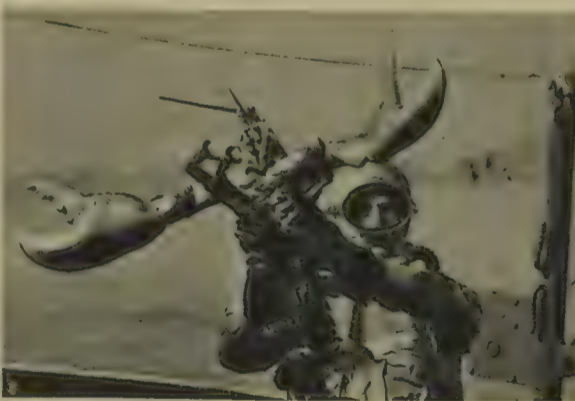
Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

But neither gems nor doubloons have come the way of this adventurous party of Frenchmen. The most profitable haul they came across was not made by



"THIS BIG MANTA RAY LOOKED TO ME LIKE A TWIN-ENGINE BOMBER AS WE MET UNDER THE CAPE VERDES IN 1948."

themselves, but by a lone goggle-diver with some butterfly nets, who realised £10,000 by salvaging from a wreck 25 ft. down not bags of pieces-of-eight or silver bars, but 4000 tons of cocoa-beans. Scores of wrecks the party investigated, discovering that "iron ships crumble away in the lifetime of a man." Their most fascinating exploration was of a Roman galley (wooden, of course) which had been partly examined many years ago at the expense of an American patron. It is believed to have foundered about 80 B.C., and to have carried loot brought by Sulla from Athens. They raised a pillar and saw many more; they also brought up a perfect Ionic capital. They estimated that the ship is two-thirds intact: "I am confident that amidships there is unbreached cargo. I am certain that then, as now, the crew lived in the forecabin, the least desirable place of a ship, and that there are intimate possessions and tools buried there that could tell us about



DR. DEVILLA, SURGEON OF THE UNDERSEA RESEARCH GROUP, DIVES FOR HIS DINNER AND COMES UP WITH A 19-LB. LOBSTER.

Illustrations from the book "The Silent World"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Hamish Hamilton.

what kind of men sailed the Roman ship. We were merely scratching at history's door in our few days in the huge argosy."

I suppose we shall have to wait for another private patron before a thorough job is made of that ship; one can hardly expect the French Admiralty to start speculating in hypothetical statuary. But a field of undoubted economic utility is opened up by certain other of Captain Cousteau's researches and discoveries. The sea is one immense larder of animals and plants on which animals live; and one of his colleagues calculated that "each yard of depth we claimed in the sea would open to mankind three hundred thousand cubic kilometres of living space." If we are to farm it properly we must study it. "One Sunday at

Sanary he [his colleague Dumas] threw an Italian hand grenade into the water to kill some fish. A few bogues floated up on their sides. Tailliez dived and brought up ten times as many fish which he had found lying on the bottom, proof that dynamiting is an excessively wasteful method of fishing unless one can dive to recover the full catch." That is interesting; still more important is the light thrown on trawling. "No one had seen a trawl net in action. . . . Perched above the grassy floor I saw the towline of the net arrive. It looped back to the rigid gate which scraped along the bottom, breaking down grasses and spreading destruction to the tiny creatures of the prairie. Fish leaped away like rabbits running from a reaper. The vast envelope of net passed me, puffed up with water. The broken grass arose slowly in the track of destruction. I was astonished to see how many fish escaped the monster, and how much it destroyed of future fish stocks and pasturage. Man's method of undersea farming seemed to consist of blighting the acre while reaping a small part of the crop. Didi hung head-down on the towrope and filmed into the dragon's mouth to bring up evidence of how many fish got away and how much of the nursery was being ruined."

"The sea age is soon to come," concludes Captain Cousteau. "Obviously man has to enter the sea. There is no choice in the matter. The human population is increasing so rapidly and land resources are being depleted at such a rate, that we must take sustenance from the great cornucopia. The flesh and vegetables of the sea are vital. . . . When research centres and industrialists apply themselves to the



AT GRIPS WITH AN OCTOPUS, A FISH WHICH, IN CAPTAIN COUSTEAU'S OPINION, IS NOT PARTICULARLY DANGEROUS. ONE OF THEM TOOK QUITE A FRIENDLY INTEREST WHEN THE DIVERS TRIED TO TEACH IT TO DANCE. IN THE OPINION OF VICTOR HUGO, "NO FATE COULD BE MORE HORRIBLE THAN TO BE ENTWINED IN THE EMBRACE OF THOSE EIGHT CLAMMY, CORPSE-LIKE ARMS. . . ."

problem, we shall advance to the six-hundred-foot 'drop-off' line. It will require much better equipment than the aqualung. The lung is primitive and unworthy of contemporary levels of science." Men come, in the end, to one long Friday. What will happen after the population has outgrown even the resources of the sea is perhaps a question involving a remoter future than practical men are accustomed to envisage. The evil day, anyhow, may be postponed for a long time.

Eight films, some in colour, have been taken by Captain Cousteau, and his comrades. Many of their photographs, plain and coloured, are reproduced in this volume. Some are startling. There is one of a torpedo whizzing past the diver. There is a series showing stages in a shark's progress towards the intrepid Captain. The last of these was taken just as he (successfully, it is evident) forestalled an attack by banging the monster on the nose with his camera. The range of underwater pictures, showing fish and nearly naked men, with pipes leading from cylinders on their backs and fins on their feet, gliding and soaring and sinking with consummate ease and grace, is great; one of the most insouciant shows a swimmer with an octopus spread over his back. But the most beautiful are those in which the ocean floor and its corals and fauna, all dimmed to a monotone to the human eye, is shown, by some recondit process, in its true colours, all ablaze with reds and yellows and oranges, never excelled by any sunset.

One piece of advice is given to future aqualungers: "Never go down alone." After reading of all the marrow-freezing escapes in this book I could, for personal use, improve on that.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 630 of this issue.

* "The Silent World." By J. Y. Cousteau, with Frédéric Dumas. (Hamish Hamilton; 64 pages of illustrations, including 16 pages in colour. 18s.)

AT GRIPS WITH A SHARK: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF AN UNDERSEA BATTLE.



"WE SIGHTED AN EIGHT-FOOT SHARK OF A SPECIES WE HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN": DUMAS SWIMMING DOWN TOWARDS THE SHARK AND PILOT FISH.



"DUMAS OBLIGINGLY . . . SWAM BEHIND IT. HE LINGERED AT THE TAIL AND REACHED OUT HIS HAND. HE GRASPED THE TIP OF THE CAUDAL FIN."



"THE BEAST TURNS, BUT NOT TOWARDS DUMAS. HE COMES AT ME . . . [CAPTAIN COUSTEAU]. HE SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT HE WANTED, AND HE WAS IN NO HURRY."



"THE SHARK IS TEN FEET AWAY; PILOT FISH LOSE STATIONS . . . THE GREY SHARK GLIDED AT US HEAD-ON."



(ABOVE.) "I HAD MY HAND ON THE CAMERA BUTTON AND IT WAS RUNNING, WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE THAT I WAS FILMING THE ONCOMING BEAST."



(ABOVE.) "TWO FEET AWAY . . . THEN WITH ALL MY STRENGTH I THRUST THE CAMERA AND BANGED HIS MUZZLE. I FELT THE WASH OF A HEAVY BODY FLASHING PAST AND THE SHARK WAS TWELVE FEET AWAY, CIRCLING US AS SLOWLY AS BEFORE . . ."

ON the facing page we publish an appreciation by Sir John Squire of Captain J. Y. Cousteau's remarkable book "The Silent World." This book describes the hazards, the dazzling splendour, the romantic treasure hunts and the occasional tragedies encountered in the deep by Cousteau and what he calls his "men-fish." One of the less agreeable, but enthrallingly exciting, adventures described by Captain Cousteau occurred when they were cruising in the research ship *Elie Monnier* off Africa. He says: "We spotted a shoal of bottlenosed whales, 12 to 25 feet long. Dumas harpooned one. We went into the water, myself with a motion-picture camera, and swam along the harpoon line towards the whale. Below the whale I saw an eight-foot shark of the *carcharhinus* family, but of an unusual

[Continued opposite.



INTENDED TO GIVE DIVERS A QUICK REFUGE: "AN ANTI-SHARK CAGE OF OUR INVENTION IN WHICH DUMAS WENT DOWN . . ."

[Continued.] type. His dorsal and pectoral fins were exceptionally large and rounded, with white patches. The shark had an escort of three striped pilot fish, one over and one under his body and a tiny pilot riding the compressibility wave ahead of the shark's nose. Dumas, the shark and I mingled underwater in shallow depth." Unlike the sharks they had previously encountered, this one "seemed to know what he wanted." The story of the struggle which ensued during which the oncoming beast was filmed by Captain Cousteau is shown in the remarkable photographs on this page. [Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Silent World"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Hamish Hamilton.]

STRENGTHENING KENYA'S HAND AGAINST MAU MAU: STERNER METHODS.



MILITARY REINFORCEMENTS FOR KENYA: MEN OF THE H.Q. STAFF OF THE 38TH BRIGADE MARCHING FROM EASTLEIGH AIRPORT, NAIROBI, AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL THERE BY AIR. 1500 TROOPS HAVE BEEN RECENTLY FLOWN FROM ENGLAND



PROTECTING A KENYA POLICE POST: THE MUTHAIGA POLICE STATION, WIRED-IN AND EQUIPPED WITH A ROAD BLOCK AS A PROTECTION AGAINST A SURPRISE MASS ATTACK BY MAU MAU GANGS.



COLLECTING A CHILD FROM SCHOOL IN NAIROBI. BOTH PARENTS, IT WILL BE SEEN, CARRY A FIREARM. THE SCHOOL IS USED AS A SAFE AREA FOR CHILDREN OF 4-9 YEARS DURING THE DAYTIME HOURS.



THE DOG BARKS—ONE WOMAN REACHES FOR A RIFLE, THE OTHER HAS HER AUTOMATIC BY HER ARMCHAIR. A GRIMEPITOME OF THE TENSION IN LONELY HOMESTEADS IN KENYA.



A NAIROBI HOME GUARD PATROL AT WORK: HERE THEY ARE CALLING TO CHECK WITH A HOUSEWIFE ON HER OWN, TO SEE THAT ALL IS WELL, AS NIGHT FALLS OVER THE CITY AND ITS OUTSKIRTS.



KIKUYU WORKERS QUEUING IN NAIROBI FOR PASSES ENTITLING THEM TO ENTER AND LEAVE THE CITY ON LEGITIMATE BUSINESS.

On April 8 Jomo Kenyatta and his five fellow-accused—Fred Kubai, Richard Achieng, Bildad Kaggia, Paul Ngei and Kungu Karumba—were all found guilty on all charges relating to their connection with Mau Mau and were sentenced to seven years' hard labour, with three years' hard labour to run concurrently. Counsel for the defence gave notice of intention to appeal. Meanwhile, throughout Kenya tension had been mounting high and it was felt

that the sentencing of Kenyatta and his associates might be the signal for a fresh and redoubled series of Mau Mau atrocities. All security measures had been strengthened—and in particular the individual domestic precautions and Home Guard patrols had been intensified. On the same day—April 8—the air-lift of troops from Great Britain was completed and in all a total of 1500 were brought in by air during eight days.

MEETING THE DAILY MAU MAU THREAT: KENYA WOMEN LEARN TO SHOOT.



TARGET PRACTICE FOR NAIROBI HOUSEWIVES ORGANISED BY THE KENYA ELECTORS UNION. THIS PUPIL IS REPORTED TO HAVE HIT A MOVING TARGET FIVE TIMES IN SIX SHOTS—TO HER OWN SURPRISE.



MAKING THE PRACTICE REALISTIC. A NOTICE BRIEFLY DESCRIBES AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR SITUATION AND THE TARGET SIMULATES THE ENTRANCE TO A ROOM.



ANOTHER "DOMESTIC" TARGET AND A "SITUATION" WHICH MAY CONFRONT ANY KENYA HOUSEWIFE. THE PUPIL IS TAUGHT HOW TO DEAL WITH AN INTRUDER ENTERING BY A WINDOW.



AIMING AN AUTOMATIC. HERE A YOUNG NAIROBI HOUSEWIFE, WITH A MILITARY INSTRUCTOR SITTING BESIDE HER, HAS HER FIRST LESSON WITH A PISTOL.



DRAWING AN AUTOMATIC FROM A HANDBAG. THE INSTRUCTION WAS DESIGNED TO MEET THE "ORDINARY" SITUATION IN WHICH KENYA WOMEN MAY BE CALLED ON TO DEFEND THEMSELVES.



TAKING UP AN AUTOMATIC FROM A TABLE. HERE A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD KENYA-BORN GIRL IS TAUGHT BY HER INSTRUCTOR THE QUICKEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE WAY OF BRINGING HER PISTOL INTO ACTION.

The photographs on this page illustrate and underline the everyday grimness of the situation which confronts the Kenya housewife during the Mau Mau troubles. They were taken at a target practice held at Nairobi, one of several organised by the Kenya Electors' Union in conjunction with the military authorities and attended by as many as 200 housewives or younger women. The object of the

practice was to give training in the use of revolvers or automatic pistols in the special circumstances in which a housewife might have to cope with an armed and savage intruder. The pupils were taught how to pick up a weapon from a table and how to draw it from a handbag with the maximum speed and efficiency, how to aim and how to fire it. In addition to the ordinary static and moving targets, specialised targets—such as parts of a house—were erected and the pupils were presented with "situations" in such surroundings and taught the best method of dealing with the terrible emergencies which may suddenly confront them.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ENCOUNTER WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

fruitful in this matter. At a Chelsea Show a dozen or more years ago, a man came up to me, handed me a small package and slipped back into the crowd before I could so much as ask what it contained, or say "thank you." For the life of me I could not remember his name, though his face was vaguely familiar. I had met him somewhere in Patagonia ten or more years before. The package contained seeds of that rare shrub *Berberis ilicifolia*—one of the things I had been looking for when plant-collecting in that wild and fascinating country. Unfortunately, those seeds never germinated, though I was none the less grateful to my stranger-friend for remembering my desire for them after such a lapse of time.

On another occasion a charming little old lady came up to me at a "fortnightly" and asked if I was "C.E." When I admitted the soft impeachment, she added: "Do you know who I am?" To my and—I suspect—her utter astonishment, I replied: "I don't know who you are now, but forty-five years ago your name was —"

I was introduced to you one morning in Cape Town, took you to a big Hospital Ball that evening, and saw you off—with a bunch of sweet peas—by the 9.30 train to Johannesburg next morning—am I right?" I was. And we had neither met nor corresponded since that brief, distant episode. Rude friends sometimes tell me that I have a mind like a sink, but it would be nearer the mark to say that I have a memory like a sieve. Yet now and then it functions in a way that astonishes me, producing names, dates, and long-past incidents as surprisingly as a conjurer produces a rabbit out of a hat. "But what," you may ask, "has all this anecdotal got to do with gardening?" Absolutely nothing. Except that a bunch of sweet peas was involved.

At a recent R.H.S. Show (March 17) I met a friend that I had not seen for twenty-five years. This time it was a plant, *Puya berteroniana*, of which I had collected seeds in Chile in 1927, and, as shown by Major J. F. Harrison, of King's Walden Bury, Hitchin, it was surely the most dramatic and sensational plant that had found its way to Westminster for a very long time.

The Puyas belong to the pineapple family, Bromeliaceae, and collecting in Chile, my companion, Dr. W. Balfour Gourlay, and I saw three species. In Central Chile there were the two giants *Puya chilensis* and *P. berteroniana*, and farther south we came upon a small colony of the dwarfier species, *Puya alpestris*. Both *chilensis* and *berteroniana* are very large plants. We saw specimens 20 and more feet across. Great clumps of leaf rosettes like pineapple tops, but with leaves 4 or 5 ft. or more long, narrow, curved, and armed along both edges with hook-like, needle-sharp thorns, some of which point forward, and others back. The great flower-spikes run up to 10 and 12 ft. high. In *Puya chilensis* the blossoms are greenish-yellow—or yellowish-green. In *P. berteroniana* they are a striking and most unusual metallic peacock-blue-green, with

brilliant orange anthers in the centre. Until recently this species was known by the more descriptive and appropriate name *P. caerulea*, but in a recent paper in the *Kew Bulletin* No. 4, 1952, Dr. Gourlay, after a great deal of research, shows that the name *caerulea* belongs to quite a different species, and that the correct name of our plant is *Puya berteroniana*. I do not remember collecting any seeds of *Puya chilensis*, but of the much more attractive blue-flowered

perhaps Cornwall, the Scilly Isles, and the West Coast of Scotland, this *Puya* would require temperate greenhouse protection, and few amateurs can spare house-room for such a giant. One subscriber, however, Major J. F. Harrison, not only raised the plant from my seed, but housed it and grew it on, first as a pot specimen, and later in a specially built

box, for twenty-five years. This plant produced a flower-spike two or three years ago, but it was a relatively small affair compared with what *Puya* can do when encouraged and really trying, so I suggested a larger pot—or tub—and a course of special diet: liquid manure during the summer months. This resulted in this year's magnificent flower-spike. Major Harrison is to be congratulated on the eventual result of his long and patient harbouring of the great, spiteful plant, and so, too, is his gardener, Mr. W. G. Fagg, for his successful cultivation. The high award of a Lindley Medal from the R.H.S. was well earned and well deserved.

The flower-spike of *Puya berteroniana* is composed of a great many side-shoots, carrying blossoms on their lower portion and tapering to a naked, flowerless spikelet, on which humming-birds and a species of starling perch to sip the nectar from the flowers and, incidentally, to distribute the pollen and so effect fertilisation. I was informed that Major Harrison was presenting his specimen of *Puya* to Kew Gardens. This would seem to be at once a wise and a generous move, for the plant must have been a bit of a trial and embarrassment even in the ample under-glass accommodation at King's Walden Bury, and at Kew it will be seen and enjoyed by thousands of people—when next it decides to flower—instead of dozens of folk in a private garden, and perhaps hundreds at the R.H.S. And at Kew, presumably, it will no longer be necessary to grow it with roots confined in a box. Planted out in a bed in a cool or temperate house, it should reach its full flowering stature of 12 ft. or more.

The third *Puya* that Gourlay and I found in Chile, *P. alpestris*, is a far more manageable plant than the giant *P. berteroniana*. Superficially, it is like a pigmy edition of it. The flower spikes only reach a height of 3 to 4 ft., and the leaf rosettes are proportionately smaller. But the flowers are the same strange, unearthly blue-green as in *P. berteroniana*, though they are of a darker, more lurid tone.

They have the same brilliant orange anthers.

Of this species, I nursed home to England five living specimens and from these, seedlings have since been raised from time to time. I have a specimen which has lived for years in a 15-inch pot, and has flowered several times. I winter it in a coal cellar, and stand it out—after a much-needed shower-bath—in a sunny spot in the open from June till September. A very fine whole-page colour-plate of *Puya alpestris* appeared in *The Illustrated London News* on August 14, 1937. I little thought when I collected a packet of the minute seeds of the gigantic *Puya berteroniana* in Chile, that twenty-five years later I should meet one resulting seedling in Westminster—a plant which it took two hefty men to carry into the R.H.S. Hall, and with a flower the top of which I could just reach at a stretch.



"THE FLOWER-SPIKE OF *PUYA BERTERONIANA* IS COMPOSED OF A GREAT MANY SIDE-SHOOTS, CARRYING BLOSSOMS ON THEIR LOWER PORTION, AND TAPERING TO A NAKED, FLOWERLESS SPIKELET, ON WHICH HUMMING-BIRDS AND A SPECIES OF STARLING PERCH TO SIP THE NECTAR FROM THE FLOWERS AND, INCIDENTALLY, TO DISTRIBUTE THE POLLEN AND SO EFFECT FERTILISATION." THE BLOSSOMS ARE "A STRIKING AND MOST UNUSUAL METALLIC PEACOCK-BLUE-GREEN, WITH BRILLIANT ORANGE ANTHERS IN THE CENTRE."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

P. berteroniana I did send home a small quantity of seed. I hardly expected it would appeal to any of the amateur gardeners who supported the expedition, though perhaps certain botanic gardens might be glad to have it. Except in such mild climates as

THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the last three Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

THESE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WILL BE SENT AT NO EXTRA COST TO ALL WHO TAKE OUT A YEAR'S POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION BEFORE MAY 30.

Orders for one year's subscription for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall manager or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent. The rates are as follows: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number). United Kingdom, £5 16s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT SIEGE-WARFARE, FROM UNIQUE CYPRUS DISCOVERIES.

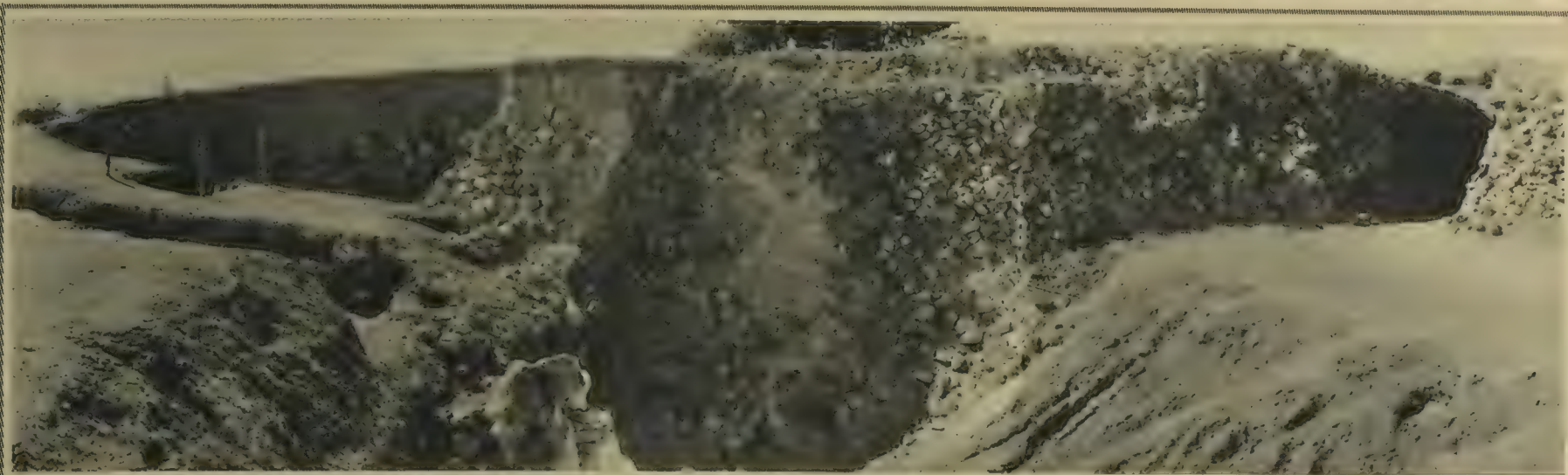


FIG. 1. THE PAPHOS SIEGE-MOUND—A CROSS-SECTION, WITH THE FOSSE IN THE CENTRE, THE BESIEGERS' SIDE ON THE RIGHT, THE CITY ON THE LEFT. IN THE CENTRE A WHITE CALCINED CONE (SEE FIG. 4), WITH (LEFT FOREGROUND) THE "PASSAGE" AND, FURTHER BACK, THE ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL I.



(LEFT.) FIG. 2. THE STONE INNER FACE OF THE CITY WALL—REVEALED. IN THE LEFT UPPER BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE SIEGE-MOUND, THUS INDICATING THE THICKNESS OF THE CITY WALL.



FIG. 3. IN THE FOSSE, SHOWING WHERE TUNNEL I AND THE "PASSAGE" DEBOUCHED UNDER THE MOUND. NEAR THE MEASURING-ROD (RIGHT) THE SITE OF A CAULDRON.

Continued.

A number bear a sort of "mason's mark" on the face, in the form of a spiral roughly incised, perhaps with a twig, or even a finger. The series of rock-cut tunnels (Figs. 3 and 4) under the wall has been increased by a third, which like Tunnel 1 has its entrance within the city wall, plunges right into the rock underneath the wall's foundations, but leads, not this time to the centre of the mound, but first towards the south-east angle of the bastion, where it breaks through to the surface, then throws off a branch which makes as though to circle the east side of the mound. This third tunnel impresses one with the immense amount of tunnelling and mining which went on during the siege, and brings vividly to the mind's eye the day-to-day fortunes of besiegers and besieged.

The Kouklia Expedition of the University of St. Andrews and the Liverpool Museums has for three seasons conducted excavations at Old Paphos, in Western Cyprus, under the direction of J. H. Iliffe and T. B. Mitford (see "The Illustrated London News" of May 10, 1952). This expedition, which acknowledges the support of its sponsors, and also the Carnegie Trust, the Directors of Tate and Lyle, the Birmingham Museums, the British Academy, the University of Oxford and the Society of Antiquaries of London, has recently made discoveries on ancient siege-warfare which are incorporated in the text and reconstruction drawing overleaf. Concerning this site of the siege-mound, Mr. J. H. ILIFFE and Mr. T. B. MITFORD also write:

IN the course of a third season's work by the Kouklia Expedition at Old Paphos, in Cyprus, in June and July 1952, a section was cut through the "City Wall" where the siege-mound lies against it (Fig. 1). The great mud-brick bastion also, projecting outwards just north of the mound, was further cleared and found to be in fact faced with good ashlar masonry all round. The cut through the City Wall (Fig. 2) showed this to be a complex structure, consisting of a core of mud brick dating from the end of the Bronze Age, with a number of reinforcements and revetments in stone added at various times down to the very siege in which it was attacked and, we infer, captured by the Persians in 498 B.C. The Late Bronze Age mud bricks are of large size: the dimensions of many typical ones are about 0.43 metres long and broad and 0.15 metres thick, while some run to a still greater length.

(Continued below.)



FIG. 4. HOW THE CRETANS UNDERMINED THE PERSIAN MOUND: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING FROM THE EXCAVATED EVIDENCE. FIRING THE CAULDRON AT THE END OF A TUNNEL.

Tunnel 3 has not yet been cleared: all we have been able to do as yet is to crawl along it on our bellies with a torch under the overhanging mass of rubble. It seems possible that, as we clear its various ramifications, we may find that these include both mine and counter-mine, and that the second may have broken into the former during construction. Lying against the outer foot of the bastion and among the rubble of the mound which has poured into Tunnel 3 were a score or more of spherical stone balls, flattened on one face, and up to 30 lbs. in weight. Suggestive as they are of ballista balls, what is the purpose of the flattened face? To the best of our knowledge, nothing like "artillery" was employed in the Greek world until the fourth century B.C. These stone balls still await an explanation.

Fig. 4, from a reconstruction drawing by Alan Sorrell.



FIG. 5. HOW THE PERSIANS LAID SIEGE TO PAPHOS IN 498 B.C.: THE ATTACKERS' MOUND AND THE DEFENDERS' COUNTER-SAPS—VIVIDLY RECONSTRUCTED FROM NEWLY DISCOVERED EVIDENCE.

Our Artist's drawing depicts a dramatic scene during the siege of Old Paphos, when the Persians in 498 B.C. used their Assyrian techniques against this famous city of Aphrodite, set above the coast of South-Western Cyprus. The unique discovery which it illustrates brings vividly before the eye details of ancient warfare which have had hitherto to be reconstructed from the descriptions of historians, with, often enough, the aid of imagination. During the past three summers, excavations by the Kouklia Expedition, sponsored by the University of St. Andrews and the Liverpool Museums, and directed by T. B. Mitford and J. H. Iliffe, have uncovered outside and against the city wall a huge mound, striding a fosse and spreading across the ramparts (Fig. 1). Still standing to a height of 25 ft. at its centre, it is the remnant of the *agger*—if we may use Caesar's term—which the Persians built of rubble spliced with the stems and the roots of

trees. In it the excavators found, together with architectural pieces and syllabic inscriptions both Greek and Eteo-Cyprian, parts of a dozen limestone and marble statues (Fig. 10), all of the Cyprio-Achaic style of the sixth century B.C. The mound, in short, has in it nothing later than 500 B.C., save for a handful of Attic sherds from near its eastern revetment which are younger approximately by a century. These, however, can readily be explained, for they belong to the day when the Persian garrison was finally ejected, and this unshapely heap, which breached the defences, was tidied and revetted into its present semi-circular shape, to serve it may be, as an additional bastion. Scores of arrow-heads and spear-heads (Fig. 6), alike from the base of the wall and from many parts of the mound itself, with the incinerated bones of the assailants' dead, testify to the intensity of the struggle which took place. Perhaps, however, the most interesting features are three rock-

cut tunnels and a "passage" (Figs. 1 and 3), dug by the besieged from inside their city, under or through their own wall, into the heart of the mound, to undermine it and to carry it away; while what is probably a Persian sap menaces an adjacent tower of the wall. At centre and right may be seen the entrances of two of these tunnels. All are furnished with rough niches for the miners' delicate "saucer" lamps, of which some were actually found in position; and near them were the jugs from which the miners slaked their thirst. Here is, indeed, an admirable commentary on Thucydides' famous account of the siege of Plataea in 429 B.C.; the more so, since a further stratagem of the Plataeans can be illustrated at Kouklia. At the point of danger the city wall has been hastily widened, and therefore heightened. But there is also a novel feature which Kouklia can show (Fig. 4). At the extreme end of both Tunnel 1. and of the "passage" stood

large bronze cauldrons, filled with the ash and slag of combustible materials. Each is immediately associated with a vast cone of lime (Fig. 1), in places hardened by the action of water into a species of concrete. Seemingly, as each tunnel reached a strategic point, it was braced up with timbers which, on being fired, were to cause an abrupt subsidence of the mound above. An essential component of this, as we have seen, was the roots and the stems of trees; and a fire, thus initiated, would readily assume the quality and intensity of a lime-kiln. Across the foreground of our Artist's reconstruction runs the city wall of Old Paphos (Fig. 2). On its extreme left is the great bastion, faced on the city side with fine ashlar, which flanked the Land Gate. Where it has been excavated, the wall was found to be constructed of mud brick with stone facings. It has been much reconstructed, but in origin is a monument of the Late Bronze Age.

FROM THE DRAWING BY ALAN SORRELL.

A PERSIAN CONQUEST OF CYPRUS IN 498 B.C.: RELICS OF A GREAT SIEGE AND ITS AFTERMATH.

Concerning the "Persian Governor's House" (Fig. 8), Mr. J. H. ILIFFE and Mr. T. B. MITFORD write:

ABOUT a quarter of a mile south of Site A and near the western edge of the same plateau, a trial trench in 1951 had revealed a building of fine ashlar masonry. This building was partially excavated in 1952 and found to consist—in the main—of three surviving courses of excellent ashlar, drafted around the edges: about half of the blocks bear mason's marks. The floor is of concrete at the level of the upper edge of the foundation course. Perhaps the most striking feature of the structure, however, is a series of internal rectangular buttresses, engaged in the main wall. The rooms, separated by corridors, are all small; the surviving masonry would appear to be the former

basement or undercroft of a very substantial building of not less than three stories, of which the upper two have perished. On the east the building lies close up against a stout wall some 6 metres thick, evidently belonging to the defensive system of the city; this wall may link up with the "City Wall" of Site A, a quarter-mile to the north. The ashlar building is dated by the significant associated pottery to the fifth century B.C. and the beginning of the fourth, a dating supported by analogies in the style of building with certain structures of Darius I. and Xerxes at Persepolis. Its nearest parallel in Cyprus is the Palace of Vouni, of the fifth century, although that is decidedly inferior in construction.

[Cont. below.]



FIG. 6. SPECIMENS OF THE GREAT NUMBERS OF SPEAR- AND ARROW-HEADS FOUND IN THE DÉBRIS OF THE SIEGE-MOUND—A TESTIMONY TO THE FIERCE FIGHTING.



FIG. 7. A PALM-TREE PILLAR-CAPITAL: MANY SUCH ARCHITECTURAL ELEMENTS WERE FOUND IN THE MOUND—PERHAPS PARTS OF BUILDINGS DEMOLISHED BY THE PERSIANS.



FIG. 8. THE MAGNIFICENT ASHLAR MASONRY OF A BUILDING NOT FAR FROM THE MOUND. IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE HOUSE OF THE PERSIAN GOVERNOR AFTER THE SIEGE.



FIG. 9. A WATER CONDUIT BESIDE THE GREAT BASTION. THE HOLES WERE PROBABLY MADE BY PLOUGHING. IN THE FOREGROUND, A TREE-ROOT HAS ENTERED THE PIPE.



FIG. 10. THE ONLY PIECE OF FEMALE SCULPTURE FOUND IN THE MOUND: AN ARCHAIC LIMESTONE HEAD OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.

[Continued.]

A possible explanation of the ashlar building would seem to be that it was the Residence or Headquarters of the Commander of Old Paphos during the Persian period, when Cyprus formed part of that Empire. It occupies a strategic position,

commanding a clear view of the approaches to the city both from the landward direction to the east, and from the sea to the west. [The photographs on this page and on page 613 are the copyright of the Kouklia Expedition.]

A VILLAGE WRECKED BY A FUEL TANKER.



THE QUIET BERKSHIRE VILLAGE OF LAMBOURN WRECKED BY A RUNAWAY TANKER LORRY CARRYING JET ENGINE FUEL: AN AIR VIEW OF THE SCENE AFTER THE DISASTER.



AFTER DISCHARGING A RIVER OF BLAZING FUEL: THE OVERTURNED TANKER LORRY AND BURNT-OUT COTTAGES BEHIND IT. THE VEHICLE HAD GOT OUT OF CONTROL AND THE DRIVER DIED IN THE FLAMES AFTER IT CAPSIZED.

An unusual accident shattered the peace of Lambourn, a village on the edge of the Berkshire Downs, on April 7. A tanker lorry laden with 3,600 gallons of high-grade paraffin for jet engines got out of control and dashed down Hungerford Hill, eventually overturning in Lambourn village street. It burst into flames, burning the driver to death and destroying two cottages, as well as doing other damage, believed in all to amount to some £70,000. Happily no resident was seriously hurt; but a number of families were rendered homeless. Fire appliances from neighbouring towns were soon on the spot. The crash brought down a pole carrying the village electricity power supply; and burning fuel entered the river Lambourn, so that the local water company and the Thames Conservancy Board had to be warned. The tanker was successfully righted and towed away on April 8.

THE LONDON TUBE TRAIN DISASTER.

On Wednesday evening, April 8, a Central London Underground train bound for Epping ran into the rear of a Hainault train at 6.55 p.m. in the single-track tunnel just east of Stratford. The second coach of the Epping train was completely wrecked. Many people were trapped; and it was not until after fourteen hours of cutting through wreckage that the last two bodies were carried out—those of a mother and small child. The last two living victims were rescued at 4.30 a.m. on April 9. Nine people were killed, eight were detained in hospital, and forty treated for minor injuries. The driver of the second train, who was trapped for six hours, has had to have a leg amputated. An enquiry as to the cause of the accident, believed to have been the failure of an automatic signal, has been instituted by the Ministry of Transport. Doctors and nurses from Queen Mary's Hospital worked with courage and devotion, tending the injured, including those trapped under wreckage.



IN THE TUNNEL NEAR STRATFORD: PASSENGERS BEING HELPED FROM THE FRONT OF THE HAINAULT TRAIN, WHICH WAS STRUCK IN THE REAR BY THE EPPING TRAIN.



INDICATING THE FORCE OF THE IMPACT: A SMASHED COACH ON LEYTON SIDING AFTER BEING HAULED FROM THE TUNNEL IN WHICH THE COLLISION OCCURRED.



STEELWORK DISTORTED AND CRUSHED: REMAINS OF THE SECOND COACH OF THE EPPING TRAIN, WHICH STRUCK THE HAINAULT TRAIN IN THE REAR. NINE PEOPLE WERE KILLED.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CHANGE OF PLAN.

By J. C. TREWIN

IT has been one of those weeks in which little has gone according to plan. Consider the programmes that lie scattered here in no particular order. "Murder in the Cathedral," for one (at the Old Vic, unexpected theatre for the piece): I remember from the performance of this poetic drama the colloquial prose in which the Knights explain the murder of Becket as a sporting-club committee might explain some uncommonly "bad show" to its fellow-members. Then, and hardly in the Canterbury mood, "Red-Headed Blonde," at the Vaudeville: we are accustomed to recall the climax of a farce rather than, as here, the first expository act. "Stalag 17," at the Princes: this is an American prisoner-of-war play (Nazi Germany at Christmas 1944) which, for some reason, calls itself "America's greatest laughter-maker." Next, a variety bill at the Palladium, one on which the top-of-the-bill has faded from memory while I think with rapture of a round-faced fantastic comedian (who reminds me, with appropriate fantasy, of a Christmas pudding in full brandy-blaze). He is called Zero Mostel: it is a wild name for one of the wildest clowns I have yet discovered.

Four programmes out of five. The fifth is the exception; the performance that did go according to plan: that of Alicia Markova as Giselle, at Covent Garden. I can say only of this extraordinary poetic dancer that I rarely remember a more haunting night at the play. Last week I was writing of stage ghosts. The second act of the high-romantic ballet is as eerie, in its fashion, as the walk through a certain mounded cliff-top meadow in Cornwall late on an autumn night: one feels helplessly alone, and that is something of the sensation one gets from watching the moonlit glade of "Giselle," with its concourse of glimmering Wilis.



"SHE MOVES LIKE A NEWLY-WOUND DOLL, UTTERING HER MOST DEVASTATING REMARKS IN A HOARSE CHIRP OR CROAK": YOLANDE DONLAN IN "RED-HEADED BLONDE" (VAUDEVILLE), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH SURREY SMITH (YOLANDE DONLAN) SOLVES HER DIFFICULTIES BY SPRAINING HER ANKLE, BUT THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE OTHERS ARE INCREASED. (L. TO R.) TOM WELDON (JERRY DESMONDE); JIM HENDERSON (NAUNTON WAYNE) AND JONATHAN MAXWELL (LIONEL MURTON).

Markova, at the end of "Giselle," had a long ovation. Even so, it is many years since I have heard one more affectionate than Robert Donat received at the Vic as Becket in "Murder in the Cathedral." This is still not among my favourite plays. It seems to me that Mr. T. S. Eliot battled too hard and showed the strain. Still, between them, the producer (Robert Helpmann) and the Vic cast offer almost a new creation. It is a poet's elusive drama that can do with as much theatrical heightening as possible. Mr. Helpmann has contrived to break up several of the Chorus speeches for the "scrubbers and sweepers"—he copes miraculously even with the almost impossible "I have smelt them, the death-bringers"—and throughout, thanks to the subtlety of his pointing, balletic grouping, and lighting, an almost static play takes a life impossible to divine from the text.

Robert Donat, charged with the principal share in the author's exposition of saintliness, returns to the stage after a break of several years. Mercifully, he humanises Becket. Unerringly, his warm voice finds the right stresses. There could be no portrait more appreciative and dignified. Others in the cast close round him in an unswerving bodyguard, especially



"ROBERT DONAT BACK TO THE STAGE (TO OUR DELIGHT) IN A NOBLE PORTRAIT OF BECKET": "MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL" (OLD VIC), SHOWING THE MOMENT OF BECKET'S MURDER, WITH BECKET (ROBERT DONAT) AND (L. TO R.) ROBIN BAILEY, PAUL ROGERS, DANIEL THORNDIKE AND JOHN PHILLIPS AS THE FOUR KNIGHTS. THE PRODUCTION IS BY ROBERT HELPMANN, WITH SETS AND COSTUMES BY ALAN BARLOW.

(I thought at the première) William Squire, whose Fourth Tempter gets the insidious note for "King is forgotten, when another shall come: Saint and Martyr rule from the tomb." I think now of a good many things: of Alan Barlow's shadowy Norman arch; of the manner in which Helpmann's complex lighting-plot summons Canterbury for us; of Yvonne Coulette's appealing tone as leader of the Chorus; and, beyond anything—I am surprised to say—of the post-murder scene for the Knights. These Shavian apologetics are relished immensely by Paul Rogers, as a chairman who knows every cliché of every public meeting; Daniel Thorndike as the Third Knight ("Personally, I had a tremendous admiration for him—you must have noticed what a good show he put up at the end"); Robin Bailey ("I may say I have never known a man so well qualified for the highest rank of the Civil Service"); and John Phillips, who, as the Fourth Knight, feels that "with these facts before you, you will unhesitatingly render a verdict of Suicide While of Unsound Mind." I was sorry when, in due time, the Third Priest imagined the "weak sad men" wandering homeless, in earth or heaven ("... Or sit and bite your nails in Aquitaine").

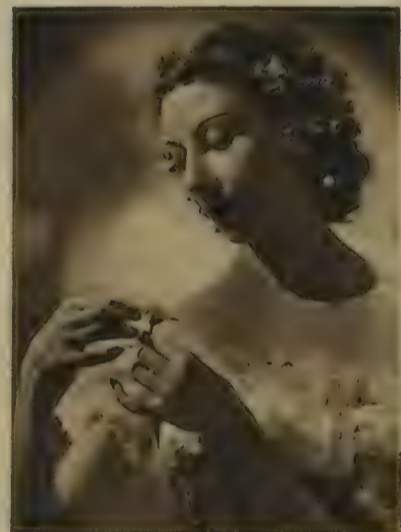
One should not come from the revival of a poetic drama remembering best a mischievous prose interlude and some decorative detail in lighting and design. The fact is, I fear, that "Murder in the Cathedral"

is only a second-rank play—listening to it, we are conscious again of Mr. Eliot's limited vocabulary compared with that of the Elizabethans—but, for all its insufficiency, it comes closer to us (or, shall I say, to the mind of one playgoer?) than it has ever done before. We have to credit Mr. Helpmann, Mr. Donat, and their colleagues with a knowledge of alchemy.

I cannot imagine what Miss "Surrey Smith," the Hollywood actress who is the "red-headed blonde" of Val Guest's Vaudeville farce, would say about Mr. Eliot. Possibly I could venture something; alas, the matter is irrelevant. Surrey is acted by Yolande Donlan, which means that she moves like a newly-wound doll, uttering her most devastating remarks in a hoarse chirp or croak. The girl, wholly endearing, has been brought over from Hollywood to sing and dance in a new musical called "The Night, the Blonde and the Music." She does not sing. She does not dance. She is a red-head. Otherwise there is nothing much wrong. (She could have insisted, of course, on matinées only.) It is a nice situation; but Mr. Guest seems to have expended himself unwisely in the first act. Progressively, his invention dwindles, though Surrey's appearance, all-singing, all-dancing, at the première of the new "musical," is pleasantly contrived. We feel that the dramatist, as well as Surrey, is speaking with some relief in the last line of the play: the dictation of a cable that says simply:

"Decided to stop. Stop." Yolande Donlan does not waver. She carries on with her miniature of Surrey Smith—a close relation of the other girls she has acted in London—and persuades us that we are looking at something larger than life-size. This is personality. Nobody else in the cast can make much effect, even if Naunton Wayne does use his trick of understatement, and Jerry Desmond, Anthony Oliver, and—in one scene—Tom Gill, all toil like beavers.

So, too, did the cast of "Stalag 17," at the Princes. This is a crude medley of melodrama and comedy in a prison-camp. Apparently the authors insist, first of all, on their rough-and-tumble comedy, which stands uneasily against a background of Nazi violence. It is a play I shall be happy to forget. A much blither American guest is the comedian called Zero Mostel, who gains our hearts by being almost sublimely inconsequential. He will stop in the middle of a story (to begin which he has already stopped in the middle of another) and announce "This is my imitation of a seal"; or else he will boom suddenly into an impression of a lost aircraft, fogbound and getting angrier and angrier as it flaps about looking for a landing-place. Mr. Mostel has eyes that can remind us alarmingly of tadpoles in a jam-jar (watching him, we run naturally to these comparisons). He is so dynamic that we forget he is not at the top of the Palladium bill instead of somewhere in the first half. Just another incident in a week during which (as I say) little has gone according to plan.



"I CAN ONLY SAY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY POETIC DANCER THAT I RARELY REMEMBER A MORE HAUNTING NIGHT AT THE PLAY": ALICIA MARKOVA AS GISELLE, AT COVENT GARDEN.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL" (Old Vic).—T. S. Eliot on sainthood and martyrdom had become tedious in the theatre. The play is now restored, unexpectedly, in Robert Helpmann's boldly theatrical production, and with Robert Donat back to the stage (to our delight) in a noble portrait of Becket. (March 31.)

"RED-HEADED BLONDE" (Vaudeville).—The Hollywood actress who comes across to star in an English musical comedy can neither sing nor dance (they used "doubles" over there). What about it? Being acted by Yolande Donlan, it is clear that the girl will do a great deal about it; and Miss Donlan croaks and chirps briskly through a farce that finds it much harder than the actress does to keep going through three acts. (April 1.)

"STALAG 17" (Princes).—This play, by Donald Bevan and Edward Trzcinski, is an alternately coarse and violent picture of life in a Nazi prison-camp for American airmen at Christmas 1944. It is acted with competence. (April 4.)

VARIETY (Palladium).—At the top of the bill is "Tennessee Ernie," who sings his "boogie-woogie" amiably without being especially exciting. We are happier with the glaring, fantastic Zero Mostel; with Jack Durant, who has a habit of falling flat at the microphone; and with Florence Desmond, whose imitations are so apt that we are sorry about their laborious framework. (April 6.)

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MODEL HIGHWAY: A MINIATURE TRAFFIC SYSTEM WHERE ACCIDENTS NEVER HAPPEN.



ILLUSTRATING THE SCALE OF THE MODEL TRAIN AND CAR TRACK SYSTEM: AN ASSISTANT LEAPING FROM THE MINIATURE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE ROADWAY BENEATH.



SHOWING A SECTION OF THE RAILWAY TRACK AND HIGHWAY LAYOUT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MODEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE, WITH A TRAIN AND CARS MOVING UNDER REMOTE CONTROL.



CONTROLLING TRAFFIC MOVING ALONG THE 130-YARD-LONG HIGHWAY AND RAILWAY SYSTEM: THE SWITCH-BOARD; SHOWING THE CONTROLS IN USE.



TAKING THE ROUTE SELECTED BY THE CONTROLLER AT THE SWITCH-BOARD: MODEL VEHICLES AT A "Y" JUNCTION ON THE MINIATURE HIGHWAY SYSTEM, WHICH COVERS A DISTANCE OF 130 YARDS.



THE SECRET OF THE REMOTE-CONTROLLED CARS AND TRAINS: HERR ROSSMAIER WORKING ON THE WIRING UNDER THE HIGHWAY.



JUST LIKE THE REAL THING WHEN SEEN IN CLOSE-UP: MODEL CARS ON THE MINIATURE HIGHWAY, EACH FOLLOWING THE ROUTE SET BY THE CONTROLLER.

Herr Rossmaier, of Augsburg, Bavaria, owns what is claimed to be the world's largest model highway and railway track layout. He took three years to build the system, which has over 130 yards of highway, along which model cars, lorries and buses move at speed, following the route chosen by the controller, who can



ACCIDENTS NEVER HAPPEN EXCEPT WHEN ARRANGED BY THE CONTROLLER: A COLLISION BETWEEN A TRAIN AND A CAR ARRANGED IN A DEMONSTRATION.

guide them in safety over cross-roads, make them overtake other vehicles and stop when required. This remote-control is possible because beneath the highway runs over three miles of electric cable, and this maze of wiring enables Herr Rossmaier to manoeuvre the models as he wishes.

NETHERLANDS PAINTINGS NOW ON VIEW: LANDSCAPE, RIVER AND TOWN.



"RIVER SCENE"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1656). SIGNED "V.G." (MONOGRAM) AND DATED 1650. ON VIEW, AS ARE THE OTHER PAINTINGS REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE, AT SLATTER'S GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET. (Panel; 6½ by 9½ ins.)



"THE TOWERS"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1656). A VERY FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S SCENES OF THE WATERWAYS OF HIS NATIVE HOLLAND, WITH THEIR BUSY SHIPPING. SIGNED "V.G." (MONOGRAM). (Panel; 6½ by 10 ins.)

THE 1953 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters which his Excellency the Netherlands Ambassador, Dr. D. U. Stikker, G.B.E., arranged to open on Wednesday, April 15, continues the well-known series which Mr. Eugene Slatter has, for a number of years, arranged in his Galleries at 30, Old Bond Street;

[Continued below, right.]



"VILLAGERS MERRYMAKING"; BY KLAES MOLENAER (1630-1676). A TYPICAL SCENE OF RUSTIC JUNKETING SET IN A HOMELY YET HIGHLY AGREEABLE LANDSCAPE. SIGNED K. MOLENAER 1661. (Panel; 23½ by 32 ins.)



"THE CASTLE AVENUE"; BY ADRIAEN VAN DE VENNE (1589-1662), POET AS WELL AS A PAINTER, WHO PUBLISHED SEVERAL SATIRES. HE PAINTED HISTORICAL, ALLEGORICAL, BATTLE AND HUNTING PIECES AND LANDSCAPES. (Copper; 7½ by 10 ins.)

[Continued.]

and the quality of the exhibits in this latest show is as high as that which has distinguished previous displays. Thus visitors who enjoyed the splendid Dutch Exhibition at the Royal Academy Galleries last winter will find this collection a delightful follow-on to the larger display at Burlington House. Mr. Slatter always arranges his summer exhibitions in aid of some good cause, and this year the proceeds from the sale of the lavishly illustrated catalogues (price 4s.)

[Continued below.]



"THE MARKET SQUARE, HAARLEM"; BY GERRIT BERCKHEYDE (1638-1698.) THE PAINTING SHOWS A VIEW FROM THE CENTRE OF THE SQUARE TOWARDS THE TOWN HALL ON A SUNNY SUMMER AFTERNOON. (Canvas; 20½ by 24½ ins.)

[Continued.]

is being devoted to the Save the Children Fund and Children and Youth Aliyah. Dutch and Flemish paintings of the seventeenth century, the great age of the art of the Low Countries, have always appealed very strongly to the taste of the British collector. The subjects which these artists chose, the landscapes of their flat, well-watered country, the coastal scenes, with shipping, and the rivers on which small craft ply on their lawful occasions, the neat towns, trim gardens and



"WAITING FOR THE FERRY"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE YOUNGER (1601-1678). ONE OF A PAIR BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE YOUNGER, FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. A. J. MACKWORTH PRAED, OUSDEN HALL, NEWMARKET. (Copper; 5 by 7½ ins.)

cosy interiors, have a friendly quality much admired in this country; and the still-life subjects, the flower pictures and the jolly scenes of rustic revelry and sunburnt mirth are equally in tune with British taste. On this and the facing pages we reproduce a selection from the current exhibition at Slatter's Gallery, all paintings characteristic of the particular genius of the peoples of the Low Countries, with whom we as a nation, have in many ways so strong an affinity.

PEASANT AND BURGHER, LANDSCAPE AND FLOWERS: DUTCH AND FLEMISH ART IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"THE MILL ON THE HILLSIDE"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (DE VELOURS) (1568-1625). FROM THE COLLECTION OF LORD CAREW. (Panel; 14½ by 28 ins.)



"FLOWERS IN A DELFT VASE"; BY AMBROSIUS BOSCHART (1570-1645). SIGNED "A.B." (MONOGRAM). A SHELL, BUTTERFLIES AND INSECTS ARE INTRODUCED. (Copper; 27½ by 20 ins.)



"DAFFODILS"; BY SIMON VERELST, WHO DIED IN LONDON (1644-1721). THE LARGE DOUBLE DAFFODIL IS OF AN UNUSUAL COLOUR. (Canvas; 17 by 13½ ins.)

THE paintings reproduced on this page are from the Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters at the Galleries of Mr. Eugene Slatter, in Old Bond Street, arranged in aid of the Save the Children Fund and Children and Youth Aliyah. They include an important Jan Steen, formerly in Lord Lansdowne's collection at Bowood. A detail in this painting, of an apron-string smouldering in a brazier, recalls that this was then the specific for "the vapours." The flower paintings illustrated include an example of the work of Simon Verelst, who came to England in the reign of Charles II., and enjoyed so great a success here that it resulted in conceit amounting to megalomania.



"THE PHYSICIAN'S VISIT"; BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679). SIGNED J. STEEN (J. AND S. JOINED). (Canvas; 15 by 16 ins.)



"A FOREST GLADE"; BY AERT VAN DER NEER (1603-1677) SIGNED A.V.D.N. (IN TWO MONOGRAMS). (Canvas; 22½ by 17½ ins.)



"EARLY SUMMER FLOWERS"; BY ABRAHAM MIGNON (1640-1679), SIGNED A. MIGNON F. (Panel; 17½ by 13½ ins.)



"FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE"; BY NICHOLAS BERCHEM (1620-1683). THE SCENE IS REPRESENTED ON A FINE LATE AFTERNOON. SIGNED N. BERCHEM. (Panel; 10½ by 13½ ins.)



THIS thing, in Fig. 3, which looks rather odd because I have no room for the whole of the object of which it forms a part, is the upper portion of a very tall William and Mary mirror. If the mirror itself were illustrated it would dwarf the other objects on this page, for it is $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, whereas the silver pieces vary from 9 to 16 inches. Besides, I don't want to talk about mirrors, though to be sure I thought this one a singularly noble example when I last saw it two years ago at an exhibition. It obviously impressed me at the time, because while I was reading recently Miss Hester Chapman's evocation of the character of the somewhat insipid Mary II. and her devotion to her decidedly dour husband, I found myself picturing not merely the life of these two—at Hampton Court, but the pattern of this particular mirror, which seems to me to provide as good a notion of the domestic arts of the period as does, on a larger scale, that magnificent series of apartments on the banks of the Thames. What I want to point out by means of this, and of the silver and silver-gilt pieces also illustrated, is that every generation has its own sense of design, and that this is evident whatever the trade. Just as, for example, the



FIG. 1. ONE OF A PAIR: A LARGE VASE-SHAPED LOUIS XV. CASTOR ON CIRCULAR FLUTED FEET BY CLAUDE CHARVET, PARIS, 1742.

"I find it next to impossible," writes Frank Davis, "to explain just what it is in the castor of Fig. 1 which makes it look French... Perhaps it is the pierced pattern of the upper portion. Anyway, French it is..."
By courtesy of Christie's.



FIG. 3. SHOWING THE SCROLL DESIGN OVER THE TOP PLATE: DETAIL OF A WILLIAM AND MARY MIRROR, c. 1700.

The scroll design over the top plate of this William and Mary mirror exhibits a similar feeling to that in the pierced pattern of the castors illustrated in Fig. 2, which are of approximately the same date.
By courtesy of Frank Partridge and Sons.

card of invitation to the Coronation of Queen Victoria indubitably belongs to the year 1837 and could not have been designed just like that fifty years earlier or later; so this mirror-frame belongs to the last years of the seventeenth century. As in great things, so in small; even though the pattern is wholly different, there is the same feeling common to both. Consequently, even though, in the case of the silver-gilt castors of Fig. 2, we did not know the approximate date from the maker's mark (the date letter which would fix the year definitely happens to be missing), it would still be possible to say that these pieces must have been made somewhere about the year 1700. These resemblances are not easy to pin-point, but if you look closely at the pattern of the design on the upper part of the castors I think my meaning will be clear enough—whoever made these two things (i.e., castor and mirror) lived at the same time and breathed the same climate of opinion.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. DO YOU OWN A MUFFINEER?

By FRANK DAVIS.

Unless you are a very great innovator indeed you cannot isolate yourself from current conventions.

A third piece—the cake-basket (Fig. 4)—will make this clearer still. Here is something impossible at the beginning of the century, but common practice by the 1750's—a trellis-work cake-basket. Compare this pierced trellis pattern with the curves of the earlier fashion and you are in a new world. I find it next to impossible to explain just what it is in the castor of Fig. 1 which makes it look French. Its vase-shape is not specifically French, nor are the

my dictionary; as one grows older one loses more and more of one's illusions. It appears to have been as near as possible identical with what later became a castor, and castors were generally made in threes: the larger one for sugar, the smaller two not, as I used to think, for salt and pepper, but for two kinds of peppers, Jamaica and Cayenne. This was sensible enough, for salt, unless the modern processed kind, does not sprinkle at all well, and it is not surprising that the usual salt-cellar was of trencher shape. If you do happen to

own castors, whether old or modern of the type illustrated here, you may find it agreeable, as you sprinkle salt upon your ration of mutton, to insist that you have a muffineer in your hand. Now about sizes. The large castor of Fig. 2 is $9\frac{1}{2}$ ins. in height. Its two little brothers (as noted above, these things were normally made in sets of three) are $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins. in height, and that is about the usual relationship. The French castor, which is one of a pair, is slightly smaller— $9\frac{1}{4}$ ins. The cake-basket is unusually large— $15\frac{1}{2}$ ins. wide. I imagine most of us derive a great deal of pleasure from looking at such admirably made and—what is the exact word I want for them?—well-mannered pieces of silver and silver-gilt as these castors.

I have until recently taken it for granted that this

fine, sober tradition had been handed down to our own generation, and that the silversmith of to-day was enjoying a reasonable amount of patronage. Recent letters in *The Times*, first from the Assay Master at Sheffield, and then from the Clerk of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths in London, tell a very different story; indeed, unless we can do something about it, it looks as if fewer and fewer young men of parts will be able to enter this ancient and interesting trade. It appears to be due partly to purchase tax, partly to change of fashion and a dozen other reasons. Small consolation to a bright young apprentice if his boss says: "Sorry, my dear boy, I've taught you all I know, but I'm afraid there is no demand for fine modern silver. My advice to you is—engineering or electronics—anything you fancy, but not silversmithing." But I don't want to end on a note of gloom about the future of a noble craft which can bring honour, not to mention dollars, to this country, and abiding interest to the people engaged in it. All that is really required is for more people to become house-proud—or should I say table-proud?—and to save up for a silver teapot as they do automatically for a host of ingenious household gadgets.

FIG. 2. ILLUSTRATING THE AFFINITY BETWEEN THEIR ARABESQUE DESIGN AND THAT OF THE MIRROR OF FIG. 3: WILLIAM AND MARY SILVER-GILT CASTORS.

The decoration on this set of three silver-gilt castors by George Garthorne, c. 1700, has a strong affinity with that on the mirror top illustrated in Fig. 3. Both were made by men who "lived at the same time and breathed the same climate of opinion." [By courtesy of Christie's.]

rosettes beneath the finials, while the decoration at the base of the vase, though a little unusual over here, is not unknown early in the eighteenth century. Perhaps it is the pierced pattern of the upper portion. Anyway, French it is, of the year 1742, and sufficient to show that Paris and London did their thinking on parallel lines. Castors are rare enough—anyway, castors of this quality, whether for sugar or salt or pepper—but mustard-pots are yet more rare. This seems odd, for presumably mustard as a condiment was known from very early times. I have never heard a convincing explanation for the fact that there appears to be no evidence of their existence (that is, in silver) earlier than the reign of George I. Those that have survived are mostly from the last quarter of the century and are generally of the short, cylindrical type with a hinged, flat lid. I suppose the most popular kind is that in which the sides are pierced and the pot fitted with a liner of blue glass.

Have you ever heard of a muffineer?—a noble word to me, with a cosy Charles Lamb-Dickensian kettle-on-the-hob, cat-by-the-fire connotation, and also a vision of early Sunday mornings in London Octobers—leaves burning in the parks and squares, church bells ringing and, then, gradually increasing in volume, the contralto tinkle of the muffin-man's bell, and finally, the muffin-man himself balancing his wares on a long, flat tray on top of his head. I'm told he has long been a rare specimen of the human race and perhaps is extinct today. I last observed him in Woburn Square in the early 1920's.

For years a muffineer to me was a covered hot-plate arrangement, a small *entrée* dish sitting in hot water on a deep plate, but the learned tell me it was originally a small castor filled with salt for sprinkling on buttered muffins, and was known as such in the reign of Charles II. This is the definition in



FIG. 4. MADE BY FREDERICK KANDLER IN 1756: A PIERCED TRELLIS-WORK PATTERN SILVER CAKE-BASKET.

The pierced trellis-work pattern of this George II. cake-basket is "something impossible at the beginning of the century, but common practice by the 1750's." [By courtesy of Christie's.]

"PARIS-LONDRES": AN EXHIBITION OF FINE FRENCH PAINTINGS, NEW TO BRITAIN.



"PORTE DE PARIS: TEMPS DE NEIGE, 1897"; BY ALBERT MARIE LEBOURG (1849-1928), WHO WAS AT ONE TIME AN ARCHITECT'S ASSISTANT. (Canvas; 19½ by 24 ins.)



"LA MER EN BRETAGNE, 1887"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898), FIRST TEACHER OF MONET, WHO EXHIBITED WITH THE IMPRESSIONISTS ONCE—IN 1874. (Canvas; 26 by 36 ins.)



"BORDS DE LA SEINE À SAINT DENIS, 1877"; BY STANISLAS LÉPINE (1835-1892), WHICH WAS SHOWN IN THE SALON IN 1877, AND IS A PARTICULARLY FINE PICTURE, PERHAPS HIS MASTERPIECE. (Canvas; 30½ by 59½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT DE Mlle. MARIE FANTIN, 1859"; BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1902), WHICH WAS REFUSED AT THE SALON IN 1859. (Canvas; 28½ by 23½ ins.)



"ESQUISSE POUR TÊTE DE RACHEL LA TRAGÉDIENNE, c. 1852" ("SKETCH FOR THE HEAD OF RACHEL THE TRAGIC ACTRESS"); BY JEAN AUGUSTE INGRÈS (1780-1867). (Canvas; 12½ by 9 ins.)

Continued.]

on view (which we do not illustrate) include two coastal scenes by Boudin which he gave to his friend, Claude Monet; and the fine seascape in Brittany which is reproduced on this page. There are two very early paintings by Fantin-Latour in the collection, both somewhat unusual. These are a *Nature Morte* painted in 1857 and resembling a Courbet, which we do not reproduce; and the charming portrait of the artist's sister, Mlle. Marie Fantin, which was refused at the Salon in 1859. The large painting by Stanislas Lépine, "*Bords de la Seine à Saint Denis*," which was shown at the Salon in 1877 may well be his masterpiece. Albert-Marie Lebourg, who was at one time an architect's assistant in Rouen and later a teacher of drawing in Algiers, worked also in Paris in 1876 for Jean Paul Laurens. He was

"PARIS-LONDRES" is the title under which Messrs. Arthur Tooth have on several occasions in the past arranged at their Bruton Street Galleries exhibitions of French paintings which had been mainly imported into this country from their land of origin, and not previously shown in Britain. They are continuing the series this spring with the display from which our illustrations are drawn. It was due to open on April 14, and will continue until May 9. The works

(Continued below, left.)



"SCÈNE DE TRIBUNAL"; BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931), A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF HIS SATIRICAL PAINTINGS OF SCENES OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE. (Canvas; 24 by 29 ins.)



"LA PSYCHÉ" ("THE CHEVAL GLASS"); BY EVE GONZALES (1849-1883), A PUPIL OF MANET, WHOSE STYLE SHE FOLLOWED. (Canvas; 16 by 10½ ins.)

in sympathy with the Impressionists and exhibited with them. Ingres, the great portrait, historical and religious artist, was Director of the French Academy, 1835-41. Eve Gonzales, a pupil of Manet, followed the style her master used in painting his celebrated portrait of her at her easel. Jean-Louis Forain painted contemporary scenes, usually set in law courts, in a satirical style. He was a follower of Honoré Daumier.



A PEST OF THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE WHICH NOW HAS A PRICE ON ITS TAIL: THE GREY

On the "World of Science" page in this issue, Dr. Maurice Burton disposes of the question as to whether the squirrel can be accurately described as a "tree-rat." Here our Special Artist depicts aspects of the grey squirrel's behaviour and salient points in its biology. The advent of spring this year has seen the start of a campaign against the grey squirrel launched by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries in co-operation with the Forestry Commission with the object of securing its extermination. Whether this can be achieved is open to doubt, for Man has seldom succeeded in eradicating a pest—that is, an animal which by its fitness to survive has increased in numbers so that it conflicts with human interests—but has exterminated a number of species which were harmless, such as Steller's sea-cow, the dodo and the Great Auk. The agriculturist and forester who are now the

chief sufferers from the small mammal pests, such as rats, mice, voles and squirrels, have in the past waged relentless war on their natural predators, the pine martens, wild cats, foxes, stoats, weasels and others. The grey squirrel is now established in this country, and if it could be exterminated the red squirrel, which is only a little less troublesome than the grey, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, would soon fill the gap in places from which it has disappeared, unless it, too, were exterminated in a general slaughter by shooting and trapping. The charges levelled at the grey squirrel are that it steals eggs and kills the nestlings of beneficial birds, that it barks trees and that it despoils grain, fruit and other crops. For each of these "crimes" it would be possible to name a dozen or so other species, mammal or bird, that are equally culpable. This is not to suggest that nothing should

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



SQUIRREL—SOME ASPECTS OF ITS BEHAVIOUR AND SOME SALIENT POINTS IN ITS BIOLOGY.

be done about the grey squirrel, but rather that the problem requires a solution different to that put forward. It is probable that in the coming months thousands of squirrels will be killed, but the more cunning will escape, and as the quarry becomes harder to find, so the initial enthusiasm will wane. In a few years' time the survivors will have increased and another campaign will be necessary. A better plan would be to concentrate on those areas where squirrels are unusually numerous and keep their numbers down to a reasonable level by means of annual "shooting-parties." There is an evident concern on the part of an informed section of the public at two other aspects of the present campaign. The first relates to the timing, which seems to be based on the mistaken view that the grey squirrel is a partial hibernator. Spring is the nesting-time for birds, including

those generally accepted as being beneficial to man. To launch a campaign of shooting and scouring the woods and hedgerows at such a time may do more harm to our bird population than all the grey squirrels put together, and it is quite unnecessary since the grey squirrel is active throughout the winter. The second point upon which disquiet is felt concerns the encouragement given to the "trigger-happy" and the uninformed, who, while they may be few in number, can do disproportionate damage. A limited campaign against the grey squirrel can be justified; an all-out campaign may be necessary, but when one finds it linked with a reward for each tail sent in, a method that has proved a failure on several occasions in other parts of the world, one begins to suspect that the planning of the campaign owes more to enthusiasm, or exasperation, than to biological knowledge.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SQUIRRELS OR TREE-RATS?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THERE is a tendency on the part of those who dislike grey squirrels to label them "tree-rats." Presumably, this is done on the principle of "Give a dog a bad name . . ." No doubt the nickname will be used increasingly as the present campaign against the squirrel develops. One writer recently has gone so far as to suggest that it is only when we think of the grey squirrel as a tree-rat that we know it for what it is. But is this fair on the squirrel, or can it be substantiated?

Squirrels form a large and distinctive group, a sub-order of the rodents, distributed throughout the world except for Madagascar, Australia and the Polar regions. Their absence from these places suggests immediately that they are of comparatively recent arrival, after the separation of Madagascar from the mainland of Africa and of Australasia from the continent of Asia. Not only are they closely related to rats, but they agree with them in the large number and diversity of their species, and in the large populations attained by certain species. There is yet another comparison to be drawn between squirrels and rats: both have those qualities, so difficult to define, which we describe as adaptability or resourcefulness. This applies not only to the group as a whole, and to each species in turn, but also to the individuals of each species. The adaptability is best expressed in their natural grouping, into true squirrels, flying-squirrels and ground-squirrels. Since the true squirrels, so called because they are taken as typical of the sub-order, could as well be called tree-squirrels, this grouping symbolises their conquest of the earth, the trees and, to a limited extent, the air. The statement of their conquest of the air must be qualified, for no flying-squirrels fly in the sense that birds and bats do, but take long, gliding flights.

Adaptability within a group of animals is expressed also in the range of variability as from one species to another, in such things as colour and size. Starting with the European red squirrel (*Sciurus vulgaris*), which includes our own red squirrel, it has a wide range across Europe and Northern Asia, and has many colour phases. In the cold climates of Northern Europe, the normal red and a beautiful silver-grey are found side by side, the grey becoming dominant in

squirrels (*Nannosciurus*) of Borneo and Malay, contrasting with the giant Malabar squirrel (*Ratufa bicolor*) of India and Malay, which is 3 ft. long. The flying-squirrels include the pygmy flying-squirrel (*Petaurillus emiliae*) of Borneo and Malay, 5½ ins. long, including the tail, and the Kashmir giant flying-squirrel (*Eupetaurus cinereus*), up to 3 ft. long.

Summarising the general habits of the three groups, we have a similar picture of variability



ONE OF THE TRUE SQUIRRELS: THE GIANT MALABAR SQUIRREL OF INDIA AND MALAYA, WHICH IS 3 FT. LONG. Asia supports a particularly flourishing group of squirrels, ranging from the mouse-sized dwarf squirrels and the pygmy flying-squirrels to the giant Malabar squirrel and the Kashmir giant flying-squirrel. Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

of them may climb trees in search of food, none seeks escape in this way.

It is usual to speak, as has already been indicated, of the true squirrels as typical, and to say that the ground-squirrels have given up living in trees. From first principles this would seem a false idea, and if we take in wide survey the structure and behaviour of squirrels as a whole, this argument seems substantiated. Indeed, bearing in mind the summary given here, and watching the grey squirrel—one of the true squirrels—closely, gives us a pretty problem in evolution upon which to speculate.

Although we speak of the grey squirrel as a tree-squirrel, it is equally at home on the ground and in the trees. Moreover, its passage through the tree-tops, when it is going full out, is little short of the gliding flight of the flying-squirrels. It seems to combine something of the characters of all three groups of squirrels. As to the flying, there occurred recently one of those rare sights. I was watching a grey squirrel in a tall ash-tree. It is often there, running up and down the trunk, or out on to the branches, but descending to the ground when it needs to reach another tree, for the ash stands alone. On this particular day, instead of descending to the ground, it suddenly took a leap from the end of a branch of the ash and landed in a hawthorn-tree, a leap of anything up to 20 ft. It was, however, not so much the leap as the appearance of the squirrel in the air that caught my attention. I have never seen a true flying-squirrel in action, but I have a very fair idea of what it looks like, having watched this leap. The grey squirrel in question, as it sailed through the air, seemed to flatten its body, with all four legs half-spread and tail straight out to the rear, and the appearance was almost as of a flap of skin on either side of the body. There was, too, the slightest suspicion of an undulation in the flight, as if the squirrel were using air currents, as a glider might.

It can be no more than a matter of opinion which way we view this, but it seems more probable that within this diverse and adaptable group we call squirrels there is evidence of an evolutionary trend, from entirely ground-living to gliding, with tree-living



A FAMILIAR EXAMPLE OF THE STRIPED SQUIRRELS OF NORTH AMERICA: THE FOUR-BANDED CHIPMUNK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

There are some sixty kinds of chipmunk in North America, all closely resembling each other. They live in crevices in rocks, under logs or in burrows, often several yards long, in the ground. More like rats than grey squirrels in their mode of life, they are still popular favourites.



THE PERSIAN SQUIRREL, WHICH RANGES THROUGH TRANSCAUCASIA, ASIA MINOR AND PERSIA: ALTHOUGH RECALLING THE GREY SQUIRREL IN APPEARANCE, IT IS PLACED IN A SEPARATE SUB-GENUS SINCE IT HAS FOUR CHEEK TEETH INSTEAD OF THE MORE USUAL FIVE IN EACH HALF OF THE UPPER AND LOWER JAW.

Siberia, where it is killed in large numbers in winter for its fur. The fox-squirrels, the largest in North America, sometimes over 2 ft. long, are very variable in colour also, with not uncommonly a black phase. It is, however, in the extensive forests of Southern and South-east Asia that the most brilliant coloration, as well as the greatest variety of species, is found. The Prevost squirrel of Malaya, for example, is a striking black, white and red. Other species in the same area may be all black, all white or all red. A different form of colour variation is seen in the striped squirrels of North America, of which the chipmunk is a familiar example.

In matters of size we have a similar story to tell, best illustrated by reference to Asiatic species. Among the true squirrels we have the mouse-sized dwarf

or adaptability both within the sub-order as a whole, and in its various species. True squirrels are found where there are trees, feeding on seeds and nuts, with occasional insects, eggs and young birds. Active and diurnal in habits, they build nests in trees or in holes in trees. Incidentally, they too range from as small as mice to the size of small cats. Flying-squirrels, mainly confined to forested areas, even into the Arctic, from Alaska to Labrador, are nocturnal, and feed on leaves and fruit, insects, and small birds and mammals. They make long, gliding leaps from tree to tree, using a wide flap of skin stretched on either side of the body between the wrists and the ankles, supported by a cartilaginous spur arising from each wrist. The ground-squirrels may live on the ground or may actually burrow in the ground, and although some

as the intermediate and transitional form. There is, in the group as a whole, a tendency in its behaviour to ascend trees and to make flying leaps. Side by side with this is a tendency, in its structure, to the development and use of a brush-tail and of loose flaps of skin along the side of the body. These have only their beginnings in the ground-squirrel, more marked in some species than others, but they become more emphasised in the tree-squirrels and reach their peak in the gliding-squirrels.

Knowing the resourcefulness and skill of a rat—for all we may dislike its other qualities—it could be taken as a compliment to the squirrel to be called a tree-rat. On the other hand, the two animals belong to distinct sub-orders of the rodents, and to this extent the nickname is quite unjustified.

A UNIQUE DISCOVERY: PORTRAIT BUSTS OF 7000 YEARS AGO FOUND AT JERICHO.



FIG. 1. PROBABLY THE WORLD'S EARLIEST PORTRAIT BUST: A HEAD OF PLASTER MODELLED ON A HUMAN SKULL, DATING FROM ABOUT 5000 B.C., RECENTLY FOUND IN EXCAVATIONS AT JERICHO.

IN the later stages of the second season's work of the Jericho excavations (by the British School of Archaeology at Jerusalem and the American School of Oriental Studies at Jerusalem, under Miss K. M. Kenyon) it was noticed that part of a human skull was visible in the side of an excavation. This was left undisturbed until upper layers had been removed and recorded. When, however, it was recently reached it was discovered to be something far more important than a mere human skull, namely, what is described as the oldest human portrait bust in the world (Fig. 1). The skull had been used as a foundation and the whole lower part of the face, from the temples down, had been modelled with great delicacy in plaster overlaid upon the bone. This head was removed with great care and it was then seen that two more of the same kind lay behind it. These were similarly removed and another three were disclosed and finally a seventh was found even further back. Not all the heads (Fig. 3) are equally well preserved, but all include features of the greatest interest. The individual parts of the eyes are modelled with great delicacy; and the eyes themselves are modelled from shells. In six of the skulls, each eye is made from two pieces of shell, with a vertical slit at the centre. In the seventh, however, the individual eyes are formed of cowrie shells (Fig. 4) with the natural running horizontally—and this is said to give an impression of sleep. The ears and noses are carefully modelled, and in one case the interior of the nostrils is shown. The noses are straight, but rather thick at the nostrils. The mouths are small and rather pinched. In all cases the plaster has been painted and in one skull a fresh pink tint still survives. The others are rather tan in colour. There are also traces of painted eyebrows and

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE SEVEN MODELLED SKULLS FOUND AT JERICHO. HERE TRANSVERSE BANDS OF BLACK PAINT PERHAPS SIMULATE SOME KIND OF HEAD-RESS.



FIG. 4. IN THIS SKULL PORTRAIT, THE EYES ARE MADE OF COWRIE SHELLS, WITH THE OPENING OUTWARDS—A METHOD WHICH GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF LIDS CLOSED IN SLEEP.

[Continued.]

eyelashes. In one (Fig. 2), bands of black paint have been laid across the top of the skull and it is conjectured that this may have represented some sort of head-dress. In most of the skulls, the lower jaw has not been included, and this part of the head has been entirely modelled in plaster. The Jericho site in which these heads were found is dated tentatively at 5000 B.C., and the heads, some of which give an impression of great individuality and even beauty, are claimed as the world's earliest portrait busts. They are believed to have a religious background and they may be either trophies, that is, the heads of enemies triumphantly overcome, or deified ancestors, preserved in admiration and worship. The actual site is one of great antiquity and may be very near in time to man's first attempts at a settled existence. In the earliest phases of it, it seems clear that no method of making pottery had been discovered, and the making of pots is an early essential in a settled and presumably agricultural existence. In somewhat later phases on the same site, pottery appears, both in plain, coarse wares and in a decorated form. The skulls were found in a heap in a sill beneath a floor belonging to one of the pre-pottery phases, and it seems probable that a new group of people discarded these busts as relics of an earlier culture.



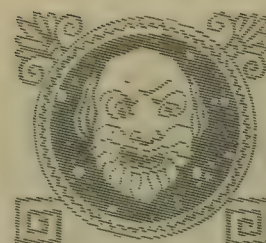
FIG. 3. THE SEVEN UNIQUE NEOLITHIC PORTRAITS—PLASTER MODELLED ON HUMAN SKULLS—FOUND AT JERICHO. IN ALL EXCEPT ONE (FIG. 4) THE EYES ARE EACH FORMED OF TWO PIECES OF SHELL WITH A VERTICAL SLIT. ALL THE SKULLS HAD BEEN FILLED WITH PACKED EARTH.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

COURAGE INDOMITABLE.

By ALAN DENT.



FILMS are very seldom better than the books they are built upon. But "The Cruel Sea" film—a highly distinguished product of the Michael Balcon studios at Ealing—is an even more satisfactory piece of work than Nicholas Monsarrat's immensely successful novel. It is computed that 12,000,000 people have read the novel already, and I resisted reading it till the other day, for very much the same reasons that one resists seeing a play because it has been running for two years or more.

Conscientiousness—the fact that the novel had been filmed and that it was therefore my duty to join in the general swim and read it at long last—has brought its reward. I bought the novel in Victoria Station on a Monday morning, read it all day, half the night, and from dawn till breakfast-time on the following morning, attended the Press showing of the film on the Tuesday before lunch, and finished the enthralling book in the course of the next two days.

It is just possible that this procedure makes me more than just to the filming of the book, for if—as usually happens—I had read the novel first and seen the film afterwards, I should probably have distinct ideas as to how it should be cast. But reading it and then seeing it the way I did, my mind readily and willingly identified the screen actors with the book's characters. The result is that when I come to re-read this noble saga of the Atlantic convoys—it will certainly happen—I shall readily visualise none other than Jack Hawkins as Ericson, the corvette's commander; Donald Sinden as his First Lieutenant, Lockhart; John Stratton and Denholm Elliott as the two nervous sub-lieutenants; and Stanley Baker as the Australian lieutenant who took overbearing advantage of the nervousness of at least one of these two.

But the critic in me assures me, in spite of the unusual way these characters sprang upon my consciousness, that all four of these actors have been chosen with perfect felicity, and that the choice of Mr. Hawkins in particular could not possibly have been bettered.

Let me set down first the notes I made about the novel as I read it. Let me then set down the notes I made about the film as I was seeing it. Then let me finally combine the two to form a general estimate of the importance of the joint work's prevailing impact. Ericson, for the first three-quarters of the novel, is master of a corvette called *Compass Rose*, which is eventually torpedoed and sinks with the majority of hands aboard. His character is established in the first dozen pages: "He loved the sea, though not blindly: it was the cynical, self-contemptuous love of a man for a mistress he distrusts profoundly but cannot do without." For the first four years of the war Ericson commands his corvette in all the terrible hazards of the U-boat-ridden ocean. He was a hero of the Battle of the Atlantic. "If you were in it," says Mr. Monsarrat in his most vivid style, "you know all about it—you know how to watch-keep on filthy nights, how to surmount an aching tiredness; how to pick up survivors, how to sink submarines, how to bury the dead, and how to die without wasting anyone's time."

After adventures innumerable and exciting, we are as horrified as the crew when *Compass Rose*, which apparently leads a charmed life, is quite suddenly torpedoed, and nothing is left of it save a miserable and oil-blackened dozen of men clinging to two Carley floats. It is Ericson's duty to keep them awake for the many hours before they are rescued. He does this partly by half-hearted community-singing and



"THE FILM, EVEN MORE THAN THE BOOK, IS PRIMARILY CONCERNED WITH THE WAR AS IT HAPPENED IN THOSE MOMENTOUS YEARS IN THE ATLANTIC": "THE CRUEL SEA"—A SCENE IN WHICH *Compass Rose*, HER ENGINE TROUBLE REPAIRED, SPEEDS ON HER WAY TO REJOIN THE CONVOY. ERICSON (JACK HAWKINS) AND LOCKHART (DONALD SINDEN) WATCH THE UNEXPLAINED SPOT OF LIGHT WHICH SELLARS (LAWRENCE HARDY) POINTS OUT ON THE RADAR SCREEN.



"I SHOULD . . . MAKE IT OBLIGATORY FOR ALL YOUNG PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES . . . TO SEE THIS FILM, SINCE THEY WILL REALISE THAT OLD-FASHIONED QUALITIES LIKE VALOUR AND GRIT AND SELF-SACRIFICIAL LOVE OF COUNTRY STILL EXIST IN THE WORLD . . .": "THE CRUEL SEA," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH *Compass Rose* IS HIT BY A GERMAN TORPEDO AND THE ORDER IS GIVEN TO ABANDON SHIP; AS THE MEN TRY TO LAUNCH A BOAT THEY FIND IT HAS BEEN JAMMED BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION.



"AN EVEN MORE SATISFACTORY PIECE OF WORK THAN NICHOLAS MONSARRAT'S IMMENSELY SUCCESSFUL NOVEL": "THE CRUEL SEA"—A SCENE FROM THE FILM, SHOWING ERICSON (JACK HAWKINS), WHO HAS FORCED HIMSELF TO STAY AWAKE WHILE HIS CREW SLEPT, SIGHTING AT DAWN ANOTHER RAFT WITH LOCKHART AND OTHER SURVIVORS ON IT.

partly by setting them nautical and technical posers to keep their weary brains away from sleep. At the end of this harrowing episode we find Mr. Monsarrat practising the art of meiosis or exquisite under-statement: "Sellars sang an interminable version of 'The Harlot of Jerusalem,' Crowther (the sick-berth attendant who had been a vet.) imitated animal noises, Gracey gave an exhibition of shadow-boxing which nearly overturned the raft. They did, in fact, the best they could; and their best was just good enough to save their lives."

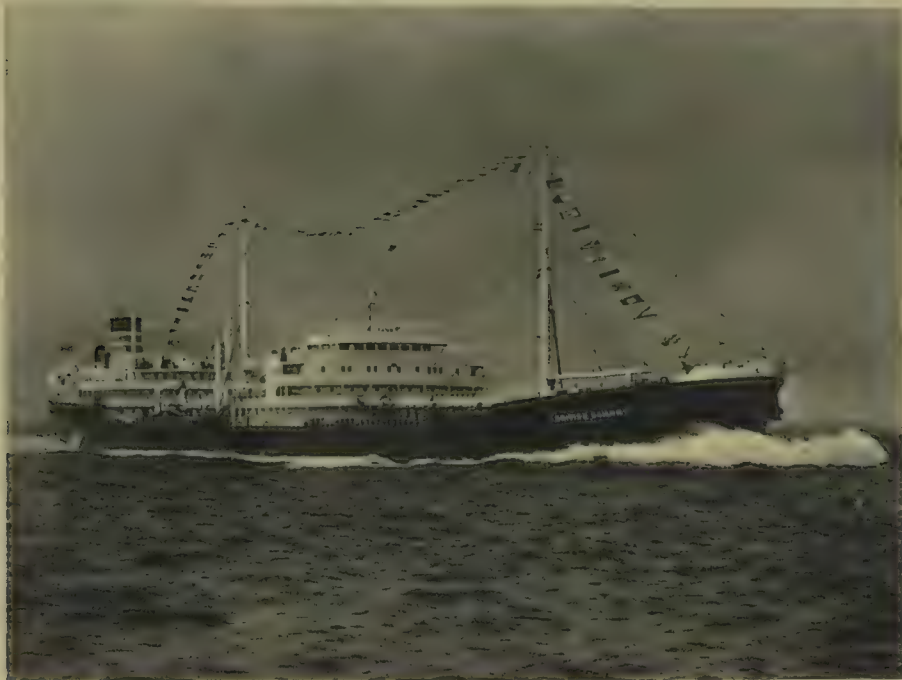
The one weakness of the novel, from the point of view of construction, is that its last quarter is really the first quarter of a sequel. Ericson becomes commander of a vastly superior vessel, a frigate called *Saltash*, and has further spell-binding adventures, particularly on a Russian convoy. But the loss of the corvette *Compass Rose* is really the end of the book. And this film very rightly concludes shortly after *Saltash* has been manned, with Ericson in charge of it, and Lockhart of his own volition electing to be his beloved commander's "Number One" again, instead of commanding his own corvette.

The film itself begins with a background—all the "credits" being superimposed on it—of turbulent, utterly untenanted sea. This is the same starkly good idea that has inspired the jacket of the novel as one may now see it on every bookstall. A dignified commentary in Ericson's own voice—that is to say, the voice of Jack Hawkins—tells us that the heroes of the tale are men and that its heroines are the ships. The only villain—it goes on to say—is the sea, the cruel sea, which battling mankind has made crueller still. The most tremendous climax of the film, as of the novel, is the scene where Ericson has to decide quickly between rescuing a group of swimming survivors in the open sea and dropping depth-charges on an enemy submarine which he is practically certain is lurking beneath his corvette. Ericson decides for the submarine and against the survivors. In the film we are spared the horror of seeing the hopeful men blown high into the sky by the depth-charges. This is one of many instances in which the film's director, Charles Frend, shows an admirable sensibility in reticence. He gives us here no more than the grim gaze of those on the corvette's deck who have to look on and upwards at the bizarre and necessary sacrifice.

The film-script, too—the work, by the way, of Eric Ambler—spends more time at sea than the book does, and less at home when the crew goes on leave or during re-fittings. With the exception of the Wren—most attractively played by Virginia McKenna—whom Lockhart falls in love with, there are few opportunities for actresses in the film. For the film, even more than the book, is primarily concerned with the war as it happened in those momentous years in the Atlantic—its gallantries and its futilities, its sheer, dogged pluck and its relieving humour. We feel throughout that we are with the men who ran the convoys through every conceivable danger and heart-break—and we feel honoured to be in their presence. The achievement as a whole is beyond praise and above carping.

Too gruelling? Not a bit of it. I should, in fact, if I had any say in such matters, make it obligatory for all young persons of both sexes—say, from adolescence onwards—to see this film, since they will realise that old-fashioned qualities like valour and grit and self-sacrificial love of country still exist in the world and still strive to keep it sane and balanced.

GREAT SHIPS AND SMALL CRAFT: DISASTER, ACHIEVEMENT AND DISPUTE.



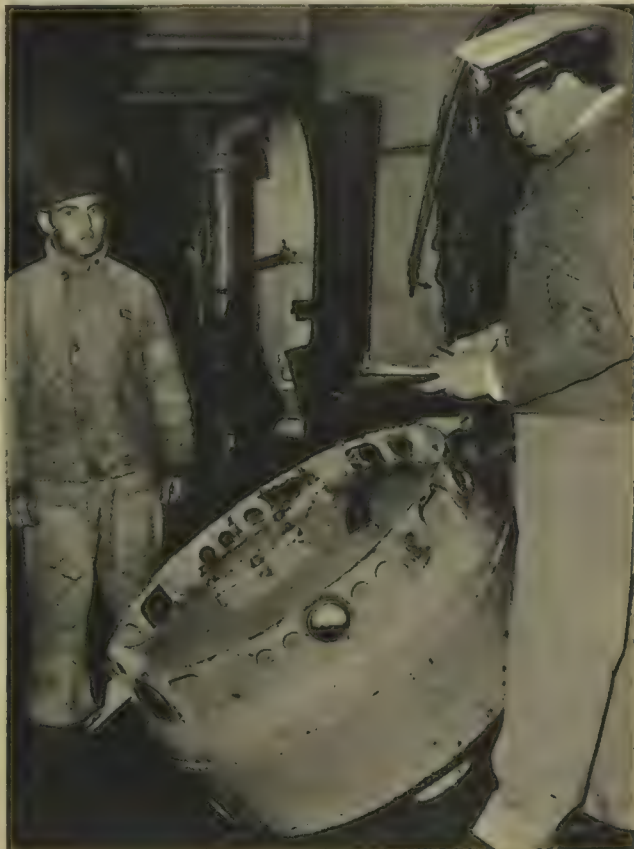
DURING HER TRIALS: *BRITISH SAILOR*, LARGEST BRITISH TANKER AFLOAT, WHICH IS EXPECTED TO REPRESENT THE BRITISH TANKER COMPANY AT THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW. *British Sailor* is the first of thirteen 32,000 d.w. tons tankers building, or on order for the British Tanker Company, Anglo-Iranian's shipping organisation. Her maiden voyage will be to Banias, Mediterranean terminal of the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline from Kirkuk, to bring crude oil to Finnart on Loch Long. She is due to make two trips between Banias and Finnart before the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead on June 15, at which she is expected to represent the British Tanker Company.



LYING AT THE OIL DOCKS OF LEGHORN PORT: THE ITALIAN TANKER *ALBA* (6864 TONS) WITH A CARGO OF PERSIAN OIL WHICH THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY HAS CLAIMED. The Italian tanker *Alba* entered Leghorn Harbour on April 8 with a cargo of Persian oil. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which has already brought a suit before the Rome Tribunal for possession of the first load of Persian crude oil discharged in Venice in February by the *Miriella*, has filed a second suit at the Rome Tribunal for possession of the 10,365 tons of Persian oil discharged by the *Alba*. The *Miriella* has just arrived in Venice with a second load of Persian oil.



A TURKISH NAVAL DISASTER: THE SUBMARINE *DUMLUPINAR* (1526 TONS), WHICH SANK IN THE DARDANELLES WITH HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE AFTER BEING IN COLLISION WITH THE SWEDISH FREIGHTER *NABOLAND*. On the night of April 3, the Turkish submarine *Dumlupinar* came into collision with the Swedish freighter *Naboland* (3999 tons) and sank in the Dardanelles. She was on the surface and six members of the crew were thrown into the sea, one man being drowned. A buoy was sent up by which the submarine's position was marked; but rescue proved impossible. The death-roll is eighty-one men.



SENT UP BY THE TURKISH SUBMARINE *DUMLUPINAR* AFTER SHE SANK: THE TELEPHONE BUOY. MESSAGES OF DEEP SYMPATHY HAVE BEEN SENT TO TURKEY ON BEHALF OF THE ROYAL NAVY.



THE WINNERS OF THE DEVIZES-WESTMINSTER EASTER CANOE RACE—IN WHICH ONLY TWO PAIRS FINISHED—REACHING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE IN 30 HRS. 47 MINS. In the pair-canoe race from Devizes to Westminster held each Easter, ten pairs started but only two finished. The first to reach London (Trooper E. Davis and Trooper J. Stearn) took 31 hrs. 22 mins., but were defeated by the second arrivals (Sergeant N. Junor and Corporal E. Marchant) in the above faster time.



THE FIRST OF A NEW CLASS OF LIGHT WARSHIP TO BE ACCEPTED BY THE ADMIRALTY: THE FAST PATROL BOAT *GAY BOMBARDIER*, FITTED AS A TORPEDO BOAT. The fast patrol boat *Gay Bombardier*, of wooden construction, 75 ft. long, is the first of the "Gay" class now being built by Vosper Limited. These can be armed as torpedo boats or gunboats, the armament being interchangeable in a few hours. At present powered by petrol engines, they may later have lightweight Diesels.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT may be that no quality in fiction, dullness of course excluded, is always and inevitably a bad mark. For instance: one may regard the novel of propinquity—bringing its characters together in one place, rather than through connected action—as a form of cheating; and one may feel that knowingness is a lamentable trait. Then the exception will crop up. "The Prince of Wales's Feathers," by David Mathew (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has a degree of plot; but in the main its characters are simply juxtaposed, in the dock area of "Port Caerleon." This is a world of transients and drifters, where pub and lodging-house are the fixed points, and where the guileless immigrant rubs shoulders with the local harpy. And if one had to choose one word for the effect, "knowing" would be the first that offered. And yet the tale is right out of its class. First it transmutes the formula by an extreme civility of mind; and secondly, the knowingness is unique in range.

Africa—Florence—now Port Caerleon: from book to book, Archbishop Mathew shifts his ground and multiplies his human specimens. Here we are well down on the ocean-floor, among a wide variety of types, all technically "humane," but quite distinct and often continents apart. The pattern has two central figures: the coloured seaman Mr. Hearn, and his blond "wife," who keeps a lodging-house. These link up every part of the design—the slight themes of the Arab from Mukalla, Hassan the railway student, and hopeful Casimir the stowaway; the Irish hinterland of the young barman; the more engrossing characters of Mrs. Park—so-called, just as her granddaughter is Mrs. Hearn—and old Tim Park, whose life has shrunk into a fondness for atrocious murders, and a besetting memory of his young wife. And when the Hearn ménage has broken up, the tale is over.

To Mr. Hearn, Amelia is in fact a wife; did he not buy the lease of 8, Camilla Street, furnish the house and put it in her name? That was an unexceptionable bride-price; but if a wife is bad, it should be possible to send her home. As for Amelia, she is about to sell the lease and make off with the cash. And in the nick of time, who should turn up but the lost idol of her girlhood? In those days he was Percy Ledward, that lovely fellow, with his posh ways and his terrific stories of the R.A.F. Now he is Squadron Leader Murray-Rust, "flying Bearcats in Korea," and in her dazzled eyes, more than a dream come true.

Here the outrageous content of the joke—for Percy is a phony to end all phonies—goes piquantly with the unflinching blandness of the texture. This writer is like Lucy Gray; he never pauses, never looks behind, but glides o'er rough and smooth with a serene, unvarying detachment.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Sleeping Beauty," by Elizabeth Taylor (Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.), provokes the melancholy question: What has gone wrong? The author started out with a rare gift. It is all here, in bits and pieces; I could give any number of quotations showing humour, sensibility, poetic feeling, charm of décor—every apparent token of success. And yet they add up to a curious, uneasy failure, as though some binding quality had been omitted.

The plot itself has an odd taste. Vinny comes down to Seething as a professional consoler; he has a special knack with the bereaved, and his friend Isabella has lost her husband in a yachting accident. On his first evening, he sees a female figure on the beach, dreamily strolling with a little girl. The next night they collide in the half-dark, and she reveals a face of mask-like beauty. Then, for the first time in his fifty years, he is consumed with love. It turns out that her name is Emily; she is a sister of Rose Kelsey at the guest-house, and that white, terrifying beauty is indeed a mask. She was abominably injured in a motor crash, and came from hospital with a new face. Friends passed her blankly in the street; her lover broke off the engagement. Now she has shrunk under her sister's wing—a spellbound captive, mewed up with an idiot child. Here, Vinny will need all his recreative powers. He is determined to awake and marry her—although, under the rose, he has a wife already.

This theme might easily have been dramatic—yet it never is. Somehow, it seems to dodge the vital points. Vinny's broad shoulders, constantly adduced, fail to persuade one of his masculinity. There is a gay, attractive little sub-plot, dealing with Isabella and her son, but even here the style seems to have gone awry. It has both wit and charm, but it is not consistent, either within itself or with the characters it is expressing.

"Julien Ware," by Guthrie Wilson (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), is in forthright and solid contrast. Julien has grown up on the Torrens, a vast stretch of New Zealand scrub—and to its owner, John Cecil of the neighbouring estate, merely an unproductive nuisance. He employs Julien's father to keep the rabbits down, and pays it no further attention. And yet, sighs Mr. Ware, it could be green. Julien, the boy, early resolves: It shall be green. Some day, he will be rich and powerful; he will have Stella Cecil, or someone like her, for a wife; and he will buy the Torrens and make it flourish. This is the chart of his resolve, through the first struggling years, then in the gentler climate of success and the "magnificent distraction" of his love for Stella. Both the pursuit and Julien's dedicated harshness make one a little tired—but only in anticipation. In fact, they are renewed and tempered by an unhackneyed mind, and a strong feeling for reality.

"Death at Crane's Court," by Ellis Dillon (Faber; 10s. 6d.), is (to be brief) just what the publishers describe—a three-star find for those who like their crime agreeable, not tough; and civilised, but not affected. It has an Irish scene. George Arrow, a travelled bachelor of thirty-six, learns that he has a fatal weakness of the heart; he should abandon Dublin and settle at Crane's Court, in Galway—a hotel welcoming the aged and infirm. En route, he falls in with a horrible young man called Burden; who, it transpires, is the new owner. He is resolved to harry the old people into flight; so when he meets his end, there is a plethora of suspects—and of every dye, from the eccentric to the unequivocally crazed. The local policeman has a job, the reader a delightful time.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE annual Oxford v. Cambridge Universities' match had a distinction this year which it had hitherto lacked since it started way back in 1873: the winning team received a year's tenure of a trophy, a beautiful 14-inch-high gold cup presented a few weeks ago by Miss Margaret Pugh, of Birmingham. Oxford's team this year was studded with masters or near-masters from Commonwealth and Continental countries. On the top board was David "Abe" Yanofsky, the young Canadian who provided the sensation of the tournament at Groningen in 1946 by defeating Botvinnik. He beat his Cambridge opposite number in this wise:

SICILIAN DEFENCE.			
D. A. YANOFSKY. (White).	N. McKELVIE. (Black).	D. A. YANOFSKY. (White).	N. McKELVIE. (Black).
1. P-K4	P-QB4	6. B-K2	P-KK4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	7. Castles	B-KK2
3. P-Q4	P×P	8. B-K3	Castles
4. Kt×P	Kt-B3	9. P-KR3	P-QR3
5. Kt-QB3	P-Q3		

Both players have repeatedly rejected the reputedly strongest moves; it could be profoundly argued that Black should have played 2... P-Q3, or White 6. B-KKt5; or White, again, 9. Q-Q2. I should be the last to decry originality and enterprise in the openings, but the rule that whenever Black can safely play ... P-Q4 in the Sicilian, he should do so, is a good one, and it is well known to be playable here.

Not wholly illogical; until White played 13, Kt-Kt3, Black's QB needed the rook's support against a possible Kt×Kt, B×Kt; P-K5, B×B; P×Kt! Now the rook assists in a methodical advance of Black's queen's side pawns. Another old maxim is justified—that a queen's side attack is less dangerous than a king's side. Black's advance is stemmed, then White's counter-thrust prevails.

14. Kt-Q5	P-QR4	18. Kt-Q4	Q-R4
15. P-B3	Kt-K1	19. Kt(K3)-B2	Kt×Kt
16. B-B2	P-K3	20. B×Kt	B×Bch
17. Kt-K3	P-R5	21. Q×B	R-B1

21. ... Q-Kt3, forcing off the queens, might well have saved half a point.

22. QR-Q1 B-B3



23. P-B5!	R-Q1	26. R×B	Q-B2
24. Kt-Kt4	B-K2	27. P-B6	
25. P-K5!	B×B		

Rejecting 27. P×KP, BP×P; 28. R×Rch, K×R; 29. P×P, R×P; 30. Q-R8ch, K-K2; 31. Q×Pch, K-Qr; 32. Q×Qch, K×Q; 33. R×R—because he considers he can do better.

28. R(B3)-Q3	27. Q-Kt2	30. R-Q4	Q-Kt3
29. Q-K3	P-Q4	31. K-R1	R-KKt1
	K-R1	32. Q-Kt5!	Resigns.

There is no defence against the threat of mate, e.g., 32. ... Q-B4; 33. R-R4, Q-B1; 34. R (Q1)-Q4 followed by 35. R×RPch, K×R; 36. R-R4ch, etc.

Another book as pleasing is "Eton College," by Christopher Hussey (Country Life; 2 guineas). This is the fourth edition of this beautifully illustrated description of the world's greatest public school, but to it Mr. Hussey has added a description of Oppidan Eton which rounds off the story of the school from the days of its pious founder to the present.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, in "Norman Douglas" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), points out that his hero, the elusive author of learned monographs on Capri, aphrodisiacs, and the zoology of the Greek anthology; short stories, dissertations on folklore and the pigmentation of animals, but best remembered for his "South Wind," that virile essay in satire, has not yet had his due. After a period of twenty years, the author, in a new and revised edition of his earlier appraisal, has attempted to do his friend this honour. Although Mr. Tomlinson is at times a little bitter that Douglas did not achieve during his lifetime the eminence in the world of letters that he deserved, he portrays accurately and sympathetically the man Douglas, the intellectual wanderer who "is on his way and frankly says he does not know where he is going."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE GERMAN PROBLEM.

I HAVE seldom been more interested—or less edified—than by "The Shadow of Stalingrad," by Count Heinrich von Einsiedel (Wingate; 15s.). Interested, because seldom have so many of the worst facets of the German character been so ingenuously revealed, and disedified because those characteristics are so repellent. For Count Heinrich von Einsiedel, a great-grandson of the great Bismarck, has in this book unwittingly said everything about a large proportion of the German people which I and some others have been endeavouring to say for many years past. The story, as he tells it, is almost incredible. It starts with a description excellently done (and marred by no jarring note of false modesty) of the aerial fighting outside Stalingrad in which—according to his account—this twenty-one-year-old Prussian was a fighter ace. The scene changes swiftly with his shooting-down and capture by the Russians. There we have the spectacle of this member of the Herrenvolk, grovelling, weeping, literally at the feet of his captors. Then the scene changes again. For the Russians have discovered his identity, and with promises of better treatment persuade him to write a leaflet to be dropped over the German lines, urging his former comrades to abandon a useless struggle. At this point the young Prussian aristocrat suddenly discovered that he was at heart a Marxist, which led, of course, to still further privileges at a time when his comrades less fortunate, less well-connected or less blessed with an adaptable conscience, were being herded off to die like flies either in, or on the way to, Soviet P.O.W. camps. From the discovery of his innate Marxism, and passing through a school of Communist indoctrination with a number of other German officers, to be used by the Russians to try and get the captured German generals and officers to join a "Free Germany" Committee was, for the Count, an easy transition. Life was pleasant enough for those who had seen the Red Light, the only unpleasant note being struck by some of his fellow-officers, who to the Count's naïve dismay insisted on taking the view that—whatever their views about Hitler—he (the Count) bore a close resemblance to a traitor. However, gradually the Free German Movement made progress, one of its earliest conquests being the ludicrous General von Seydlitz, cooing over the enormous marzipan cake which the Russians had given him for his birthday. However, all good things come to an end. And the end of this epoch came when the Count and his friends saw the Russian invasion of East Prussia, with its horrors of murder, rape and wholesale senseless destruction, which rivalled those of the German invasion of Russia to which they were reprisals. These horrors, plus the fact that the Russians showed a humiliating contempt for their dupes, now they were no longer of value, caused the Count somewhat to modify his Marxist enthusiasms. This did not prevent him, of course, from joining the staff of the Eastern Zone Communist paper *Tägliche Rundschau*, and dutifully turning out his daily quota of lies and hatred. Here again the Count's astonishing Germanic naïveté breaks through. Finding himself personally restricted and repressed by the régime, he arranged to pay a visit to the American Zone (having previously prudently agreed to do some spying for the Russian Intelligence), and was hurt and annoyed that the American authorities (who were not to be blamed for realising that the Count was contemplating one of his convenient conversions) put him into gaol for six months. The Count is now, I understand, permanently in the West, and concludes his book with impeccable sentiments as to the future of the Western world. There is this to be said for the Count. He writes well (or, at least, is excellently translated by Tania Alexander) and with humour. A certain type of German suffers pre-eminently from the sin of pride. This is dangerous, for it has plunged the world twice into blood. But another, and far more numerous, type of German, of which the Count is typical, has no pride whatsoever. This is even more dangerous, as by their grovelling in defeat and by their pliability they deceive the world into thinking that the leopard has, in fact, changed his spots. Frankly, the Count frightens me. He is one of the reasons why I venture to predict that the German problem will be urgent—and probably insoluble—within the next five years.

After this book it is pleasant to get the taste out of one's mouth by reading "The Household Cavalry at War; The Story of the First Household Cavalry Regiment," by Colonel the Hon. Humphrey Wyndham, M.C. (Gale and Polden; 42s.). The story is told that at the Victory Celebrations not only had some genius at the War Office allowed the cuirasses and sabres of the Household Cavalry to be melted down for scrap, but after five years of mechanised warfare it was not possible to provide a full Sovereign's Escort of troopers who knew how to ride. At the outbreak of the war exactly the opposite was the case. Indeed, when the Regiment advanced into Iraq "60 per cent. of the drivers had not had more than twenty-four hours behind a steering-wheel." How they overcame these, and other, difficulties to serve with such distinction on all the Middle Eastern and European fronts is interestingly told in this pleasing book.



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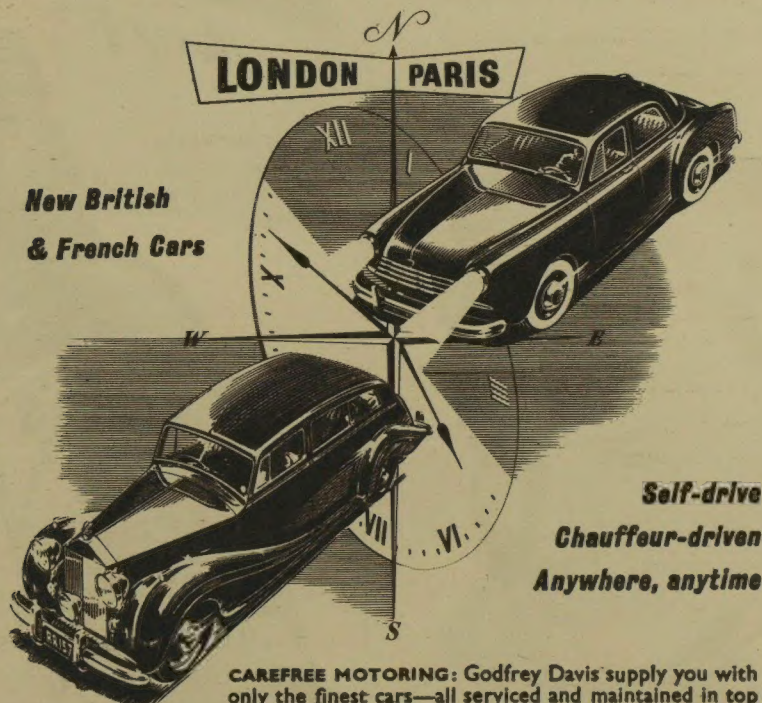
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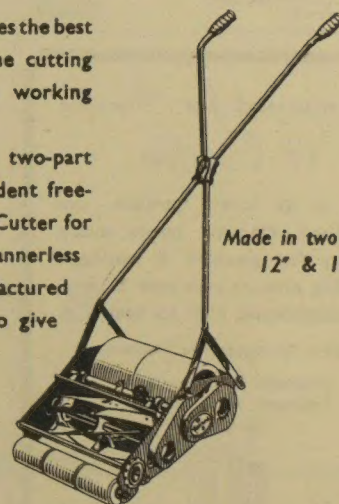
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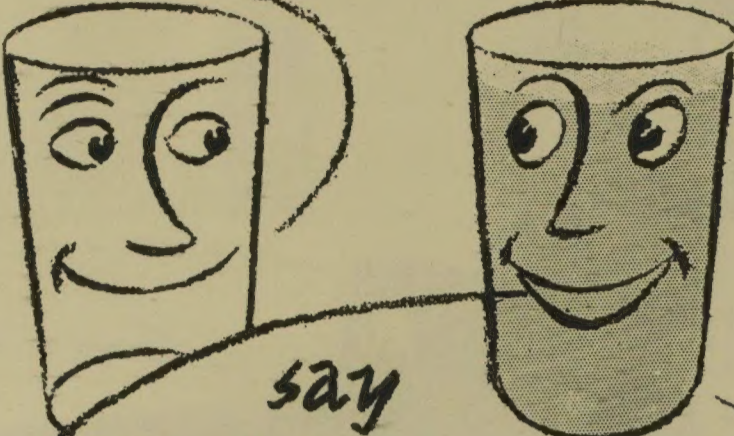
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